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From The Westminster Review.
CALVIN AT GENEVA.

1. *Calvin (Jean), Lettres recueillies pour la première fois et publiées d'après les Manuscrits Originaux.* Par Jules Bonnet. Vols. 1 and 2. Lettres Francoises. 8vo. Paris. 1854. *
2. *Gabriel (J.), Histoire de l'Eglise de Genève depuis le commencement de la Reformation jusqu'en 1815.* Vols. 1 and 2. 8vo. Genève. 1855.

WHEN Casaubon, on his first visit to Paris, was shown over the great hall of the Sorbonne, he was told by his guide—"This is where the theologians have disputed for five hundred years." "Indeed!" was the reply; "and pray what have they settled?" Something like this is the feeling of every reflective mind on a review of the last three centuries of the history of Europe. We see the most civilized part of mankind, the nations of the West, "the root and crown of things," devoting their best energies, and lavishing all their resources, mental and material, upon a doctrinal quarrel. Nor at the end of a three hundred years' experience are we at all wiser. Among our educated classes, at least, far the larger number still think that there exist no questions of more momentous interest for themselves and the world at large than those tenets by which the Protestant Churches are separated from the Church of Rome.

No philosophic mind at this day sympathizes with the scoffers of the last century, or with the "profane of every age, who have derided the furious contests which the difference of a single diphthong excited between the Homoiousians and the Homoiousians."* The buffoon wit of "The Tale of a Tub" is not much to our taste. We are now ready to recognize that—whatever may be the case in China or in Lilliput—in Europe nations do not go to war about a diphthong. The great European quarrel of the last three centuries has not been about words and syllables. Foolish, petty, litigious, and blind to their real interests as the peoples are, yet theirs has not, on the whole, been the mere frenzy of two Irish septs, who, after fighting the live-long day, and strewing the ground with the slain, have at nightfall endeavored in vain to discover the cause of the battle. We are disposed now to think that moral effects are not without adequate causes; that some mighty issue has been trying in the great his-

* Gibbon, chap. xxi.

torical Oyer of the Reformation against the See of Rome; an issue which the Confession of Augsburg does not state, and which is not once alluded to in the Thirty-nine Articles. It is not from any sentimental desire of saving the honor of human nature, but from a better understanding of history, that we derive the belief that great movements originate in the deeps; and that if there is a spring-tide, it is only because some disturbing force is present. We study the religious wars in France and Germany with different eyes from the wits who ridiculed, or the sects who adopt, their party-cries. In what terms to describe the motive force which was developed with such energy in the century of the Reformation, is the problem which all historians of the present day are endeavoring, with more or less success, to solve. But all are agreed that the theological distinctions which were established in the Confessions of that century, and perpetuated in the various religious bodies which then came into being, were only a form or exterior mould into which the heated metal ran, and not the heat itself which fused it. Men do not assign their real motives, not because they will not, but because they cannot. They cannot analyze their own complex feelings with steadiness and impartiality. To do so is the function of the historian. Hence a contemporary cannot write the history of his own times. How trivial and beside the mark read to us the "Defences" of the early Christian Apologists! They are shallow in proportion to the depth of the Christian movement, its radical and subversive spirit; a spirit which those who were swept along with it were possessed by, but knew not what it signified. The only key to a revolutionary epoch is the results which actually establish themselves. Posterity, which witnesses these, may by their aid interpret the quarrel out of which they arose. The issue between Christianity and Paganism in the second century is not expressed in the feeble rhetoric of the Apologists. The issue between Protestantism and Catholicism is not that which is discussed in the scholastic pedantries of Bellarmine.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the formularies of any age are totally irrelevant or immaterial to its sentiments. Its diets will not exhaust or express, but they will approach, its social necessities. When its language is theological, it is probable that its

excitement is, at bottom, religious. The shout of battle may be raised the loudest about some insignificant or harmless quibble, but we may find out from it in which direction the danger was felt to lie. When public opinion is in a sore and irritable state, a very remote allusion will rack all its nerves. In certain feverish moods it is ready to declare any abstract proposition a fundamental matter, and to erect some special definition of justification into an "*articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*." The mischief lies not in the temporary importance thus forced upon some partial form of truth, but in its perpetuation. The dogma, consecrated by the blood of the martyrs, becomes in lapse of time a tyrant over reason; and from having been the bulwark of faith, settles into its chief impediment. Systems, and institutions founded on them, thus doom themselves to destruction. A new revolution becomes necessary to displace the charter which the old had inaugurated.

The programme of opinions advertised by any party will fall short of expressing the real tendencies of the party movement, in proportion as the movement is deeply-seated and extensively spread. Sympathy is so much more catching than intelligence; and while sentiment cements union, ideas dislocate it. In reducing the aspirations with which the mass was instinct to a scheme of doctrine, partisans split off in all directions. Few can express their own mind; no one can express another's.

"Nonne videmus,
Quid sibi quisque velit nescire et querere semper?"

These considerations offer the true explanation of a fact in the history of the sixteenth century, which has been often observed, and variously accounted for.

There are two results which have accrued to modern Europe, and are unmistakably traceable to the Reformation of the 16th century. The first lies in the domain of intelligence, and is known as the Right of Free Inquiry. The second, a consequence of the foregoing, is a fact of politics, and is known as Liberty of Conscience, or Toleration. It is not to the purpose to object that there are many who deny the first, and that the second is carried into effect over a very limited area of Europe, and very imperfectly even there. It must be admitted by all, that this claim of the human

understanding to possess and to exercise rights, is made, and that the attempts, successful or not, to enforce the claim, have been the cardinal points of modern history. The principle of Free Intellect has revolutionized Philosophy. The claim of Free Conscience has been, and is at this moment, the substantial dispute between the two classes into which Europe is divided—viz., the unarmed people, and their armed governments. That such a doctrine and such a claim should have flowed from the Reformation may well appear astonishing to those who read for themselves what the leading Reformers said and did. For it cannot be denied, that neither in their acts nor their words is there any recognition of such views. The Protestant Churches replaced Papal infallibility by a not less stern and uncompromising dogmatism, and claimed, and exercised, the right of punishing the heretic as unhesitatingly as the Inquisition itself. This inconsequence on the part of the Protestants has been the standing indictment of their Catholic opponents, from the time of Erasmus. The leaders of the Reformation, it is said, first revolted against the authority of the Church, and the consent of universal Christendom; and, when their insurrection was successful, they turned round on their followers, and required the same unconditional submission of the understanding as had been exacted by the old Church.

Turning from the abstract controversy to the historical personages, this illogical spirit of Protestant tyranny is seen embodied in the person and institutions of Calvin. There is a peculiar animosity provoked by the Geneva Reformer, his doctrines, and his acts, and which is shared by all the world, except the sect which bears his name. This implacable antipathy is in part due to the severe, acrimonious, and proud temper of the man. But it is in no small degree to be ascribed to his successful efforts in impressing upon the religious movement a character of despotic control of the understanding, and a spiritual police of the conscience, far more intrusive and impertinent than that against which it had just rebelled. The monopoly, too, of Calvin's name and reputation which some of the narrowest ecclesiastical bodies have secured for themselves as their founder and patron, has contributed to cut him off from the sympathies of those whose hopes and wishes are embarked in the cause of Euro-

pean progress. The hero and prophet of an existing religious faction has little chance of historical justice.

Historical justice, however, or our decision on the character of the individual Calvin, is a trifling matter. The life and acts of the German reformer have a far higher import. Looked at as biography, his life lends itself very naturally to the conclusions usually accepted. It is useless to tell us, on grounds of abstract historical scepticism, to suspend our judgment. There is no room for doubt. We condemn, by antipathy, as we read. Calvin appears before us as the too successful champion of intolerance; the promoter of what we know as the preëminently narrow and exclusive theology; as the man who has done more than any other man to deprive Protestantism of its character as a protest in favor of freedom. We see him overthrowing the liberties of the little State which so generously sheltered him; conspiring to put "a bridle into its jaws;" exiling, or shedding the blood of, its noblest patriots. We shall hate him personally for his bigotry, inhumanity, vindictiveness; above all, as the author of the great crime of the age—the murder of the heroic Servetus. And we shall conclude, on the whole with the Ultramontane biographer, Audin, that his career was "funeste à la civilization, à l'art, aux libertés."

But when we look off from Geneva upon Europe, when we turn from the person to the course of events, our judgment changes. We then see that the vices of the individual may be the welfare of the community. For on the independence of Geneva hung, at one moment, the very existence of Protestantism. And the independence of Geneva—without an army, without territory, a defenceless city, like a frail boat between two icebergs, France and the Empire—was secured by the spirit evoked by the Calvin. That iron will, that inexorable temper and merciless determination which subjugated Geneva, were also the means of concentrating in that narrow corner a moral force which saved the Reformation. On this little fortress, reared on the rugged rock of Predestination, the overwhelming material force of the Empire spent itself in vain. Not only this; Geneva, under Calvin, became the centre of a new strength, which went out into all Europe, to cope not unsuccessfully

with the enormous powers of repression which the Inquisition began to put forth. In checking the febrile turbulence which attended the nascent liberty of the Republic, Calvin did so, not in the cause of a mechanical "order," but to replace it with a more vigorous sense of personality. Geneva became a seminary of martyrs. Steeled by her Spartan discipline, they went forth to seek danger wherever it could be found, and disseminated through the nations not only the ideas, but the spirit, of the master. Hence the strange paradox, that in the suppression of the liberties of Geneva was sown the seed of liberty in Europe; that, by the demoralizing tenet of fatalism was evoked a moral energy which Christianity had not felt since the era of persecution.

No part of this mighty result was foreseen or schemed by Calvin. Like many other men who have done the greatest things, his purposes were immediate; his energy expended on what was very near at hand. He had greatness thrust upon him. A chance brought him to Geneva. The importunity of another minister, Farel, detained him there. And after he had left it, it was the urgency of others, against his own settled purpose, which recalled him to it. He was a man with a single aim, towards which he bent all the powers of his soul. But this aim was no distant one. It was no conquest on a grand scale which he meditated. The tactic which plans a whole campaign, and out-generals an adversary, was incompatible with the passionate conviction which had absolute possession of his breast. He thought only of Geneva while he was doing the work of the Reformation, and dealt vigorous blows at Amied Perrin, which told upon Europe.

A brief review shall here be attempted of the conditions, moral and political, which gave to one will and one intellect an influence so commanding, and so widely spread.

In the year 1536, Calvin, for whom, as a zealous Reformer, neither Italy nor France were any longer safe residences, arrived in the city of Geneva. He was on his way to Strasburg, then a free city of the Empire and Protestant. There he hoped to find a secure refuge for the retired and studious life which it was his sole ambition to lead. So little were his thoughts at this time turned towards active life, or influence of any kind, that he did not even contemplate undertaking the labors of a preacher. He was just at that

* "Quod eam urbem videret his frænis indigere."—*Beza Vit. Calc.*

age—twenty-seven—when, to such intellects as his, not broad and sceptical, but deep and profoundly convinced, knowledge presents itself with allurements irresistible. He had, a year before, published the first sketch of his "Institute of Christian Religion," and his mind was doubtless revolving the larger and more matured dogmatic treatise, as we now have it. "I was wholly given up to my own interior thoughts and private studies," he says of himself, looking back on this period of his life. A constitution delicate and irritable, and health already broken by suffering and study, seemed to disqualify him for the stormy career of preacher of the Gospel in those troublous times. Farel, however, the Reformed minister of Geneva, heard that the author of the "Institute" was in the town. He hastened to him; explained to him the urgent need in which Geneva at that moment stood of a well-instructed minister—"the fields white for the harvest"—his own failing strength, and the feebleness of his colleagues. Calvin refused. His health was unequal to the labor, his character too unpliant for negotiation with adversaries. He could serve the Reformed faith far more effectually by his pen, and to that service he meant to devote his life. "I perceive what it is," said Farel; "you are wrapt up in selfish love of leisure and books. May God's curse rest upon these studies, if you now refuse your aid to His Church in her time of need!"

Such was Calvin's call to the ministry at Geneva. The story reads like a scene dramatically drest up by a modern historian. But we have it on the unquestionable authority of Calvin himself,* of whom even his enemies will admit, that he knows not how to decorate or disguise a fact. His obstinate will, proof against persuasion, yielded to the terrors of the malediction, and he remained with Farel. He was chosen one of the preachers, and nominated "Teacher in Theology." His name occurs in the Register of the Council for September, 1536, with the designation of "iste Gallus."

Geneva, which was to become the centre of French Protestantism, was the last of the Subalpine cities to revolt from Rome. In the course of the summer, 1535, the transition to the Reformed faith was effected. Mass ceased to be celebrated on the 10th of August of that year, and the usages of the Helvetian churches

* Præf. in Comm. in Psalmos.

gradually received legal establishment in the city. The writers of religious annals, apt to be content with names and forms, regard this exterior change as the critical date in Genevan history. But the real emancipation of the citizens of Geneva had been worked before, and was no less a civil than a religious revolution. The foundation of Genevan reform was not laid by the preaching of Farel, but in the long struggle of the gallant burghers against the encroachments of the Dukes of Savoy. If we wish to understand the elements of moral life which, in 1536, lay ready to the moulding hand of the great Reformer, we must look to another and earlier source than the rise of Lutheranism.

The city and territory of Geneva, like the ecclesiastical principalities of Germany, was, technically, a free town of the Empire; practically, was under the sovereignty of its own Prince-Bishop. The bishop delegated his temporal jurisdiction to a *vidomme* (vice-dominus), who was in the sixteenth century the Duke of Savoy. The dukes garrisoned the castle of the island within the walls, as well as two strong fortresses outside—one on the Rhone, the other on the Arve. But alongside of these seignorial rights the burghers enjoyed large municipal franchises, and governed themselves, not only regulating the police of the town and the markets, but imposing taxes, and electing the syndics, as the chief magistrates were styled. The population, in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, is computed at twelve thousand. The clergy, in an episcopal city, were naturally very strong. Including the thirty-two canons of the cathedral of St. Peter, there were at least three hundred ecclesiastics, regular and secular, officiating in the town.

The consolidation of the territories of the House of Savoy between the Jura and the Alps, began seriously to threaten the liberties of Geneva. And when, in 1504, Charles III. succeeded to the ducal coronet, a death struggle ensued between the burghers and the *vidomme*. It lasted twenty years, long enough to call out the spirit of heroic resistance in a good cause—the cause of liberty—to a superior force. For though the Dukes of Savoy could not dispose of any great force, they would have been far more than a match for the little republic, with its insignificant population. But in their distress the *eidgenossen*, as the party of liberty were called

(confederates), had the support of the now free cantons of Switzerland, and especially of their neighbors of Berne and Friburg. The final victory was achieved in 1526, the leaders of the monarchial party, the *mamelus* (meaning Mahometans), were banished, the vidommate abolished, and its jurisdiction transferred to a board of magistrates. Though the rescue came, at last, from foreign aid, the twenty years' conflict had been a school of patriotic virtue and manly sentiment. The impulse and energy of Swiss independence had been communicated to the Genevese. Their adoption of the Reformed faith was the consequence, not the cause, of their political emancipation. It is of the first importance to observe this, in order to appreciate the nature of Calvin's power. To understand that which he added, it is indispensable to have a clear conception of that which he found.

To read the usual ecclesiastical narrative of these transactions,* one must believe that, previous to the arrival of Calvin, the most frightful disorder reigned unchecked throughout the city. The anarchy is represented as complete, the license of manners carried to debauchery. Having thrown off the authority of the clergy, and the irksome restraints of fasting, penance, and auricular confession, the people, we are told, gave themselves up to every kind of dissolute excess. The Catholic historians dwell on this picture because it sullies the Reformation; the Protestant biographers of Calvin repeat it because it exalts the merit of their hero in effecting the cure. "The transition," says Dyer, "was almost as abrupt and striking as if a man, after spending all Saturday night at an opera or masquerade, should, without any preparation, walk into a Friends' meeting on the Sabbath morning."

How came the people of Geneva, to submit themselves to Calvin's discipline, to surrender themselves of their own free will to this solitary and unarmed invader? The truth is that the representations of the anarchical and corrupt state of Geneva during the ten years which intervened between the abolition of the vidommate of the House of Savoy and the arrival of Calvin (1526-1536), are greatly overdrawn. We must remember that the details come to us mainly from ministers

or lay-elders, in whose eyes dancing was a profane amusement, and cards a device of Satan; who inflicted fine and imprisonment for the offence of dressing a girl's hair in long ringlets. Their accusations of vice, profligacy, and dissoluteness must not be construed literally. To Hooker, who lived under the despotism of Elizabeth, the "popular," or democratic polity of Geneva seemed of itself rank license. Nothing that is brought forward to prove the corruption of morals indicates that Geneva was worse than other towns of its size. Many of the practices complained of were usages of long standing, and derived from Catholic times. On the other hand, it may readily be admitted that in the first hours of recovered liberty some extravagances of behavior and language are likely enough to have occurred. The creed of childhood is never parted with without some shock to the character. The police of the streets cannot be so severely enforced where the life and property of the free citizens are duly respected, as it may when they are at the disposal of an absolute prince. Add to this that the religious persecution just beginning in France was filling Geneva with refugees. Among the honorable exiles were found not a few fugitives from justice, persons of ruined character, who sought to pass their crimes under the disguise of political misfortunes, or worthless monks who had apostatized in order to fly with a mistress. Nor must we omit a small but insidious element of discord in the Catholics who still remained in the city, still cherishing the silent hope that their country would, before long, return to the bosom of the Church, and seeing in its discontents and intestine divisions the hopeful signs of such a termination.

Such, in general, was the situation of affairs in Geneva when, in 1536, the young Frenchman, "iste Gallus," became one of its ministers. To an aspiring and far-sighted ambition it was just the theatre for a signal personal success. Provided that the Dukes of Savoy were kept at a distance—and this the strength of the Republic of Berne seemed to guarantee—here was just the opening for a purely political career. The scale to be sure was small—a town of 12,000 souls, a territory of a few square miles. But where, at that day, was there any prospect of fame and fortune to the unaided adventurer except through servile dependence on the capricious favor of some king or noble? But Calvin thought

* See in Dyer, "Life of Calvin," pp. 58-80; and in Gaberel, "Hist. de l'Eglise de Gen." chap. viii.

neither of fame nor fortune. The narrowness of his views, and the disinterestedness of his soul, alike precluded him from regarding Geneva as a stage for the gratification of personal ambition. This abnegation of self was one great part of his success. Even at periods when his unpopularity was at its height, all parties recognized his disinterestedness, and secretly respected and feared a man who wanted nothing for himself. One idea possessed him, governed, impelled him. For so profound and consecutive a reasoner no man was ever less reflective. He had no self-consciousness. His theory was not a part of his mental furniture, as other men's theories are to them. It was the whole of his intellect. No question had to him two sides. There was but one right reason. All other modes of thought were depravity; not reason at all, but moral perversity. To resist God's Word is blasphemy, to be met not by argument, but by coercion. There must then be authority to compel obedience to God's Word, since all deviation from it is a criminal act, not a corrigible error of judgment. It was no offended self-love that rendered him so violent and implacable towards his adversaries, but impatience at the obstacles they opposed to the establishment of truth which was to him as clear as the day. Authority then, external force, is the one remedy he would employ. Neither art nor eloquence, nor intrigue, nor soft words, nor gentle influences; such means never occurred to him. Here is the absolute truth, the revealed Word of God; those who will conform themselves to it—well; those who will not must be compelled into submission. Nor must individuals only be reduced to subjection; the civil power in the State must learn to bow to the spiritual authority. This was the astonishing enterprise which a solitary exile, without friends, money, or resources of any kind, undertook, and successfully achieved. It may be doubted if all history can furnish another instance of such a victory of moral force.

No sooner was Calvin associated with Farel in the ministerial office than the two colleagues applied themselves to frame ecclesiastical ordinances in this spirit. A doctrinal confession in twenty-one articles which they drew up first, met with some, but not very serious, opposition. But when they proceeded to call on the Council to put in force some regulations which were already in existence,

prohibiting games of chance and dancing, and in other ways curtailing freedom of action, a spirit of resistance began to manifest itself. Calvin would not yield an inch. The public registers present us with such entries as this.

"1537. Mai 20. Une epouse étant sortie dimanche dernier avec les cheveux plus abattus qu'il ne se doit faire, ce qui est d'une mauvaise exemple, et contraire à ce qu'on leur évangélise, on fait mettre en prison la maîtresse, les dames qui l'ont menée, et celle qui l'a coiffée."

Another time, a man seized playing cards is exhibited in the pillory with the pack of cards round his neck. Another, who had set on foot a masquerade, is made to ask pardon on his knees before the congregation in St. Peter's Church. Every citizen was obliged to attend sermon twice on the Sunday under pain of fine, and to be at home by nine in the evening; and tavern-keepers were ordered to see that their customers observed these regulations. Every week produced some new ordinance more meddling and inquisitorial than the previous. The exasperation of the young men daily increased. The more liberal and independent minds began seriously to feel that a new tyranny was being established over them, at a time when they had hoped to begin to enjoy in peace the liberty they had conquered at so much cost. That two strangers, interlopers from France, should thus lord it over those who had hazarded their lives and fortunes to deliver their city from the Duke of Savoy was not to be borne. Many of these citizens, besides, were not in sympathy with Protestantism at all. They had forsaken Catholicism, it is true. But it was only because, in so doing, they felt that they disposed most effectually of the civil authority of their bishop. Their motives had been political rather than religious, and their devotion was rather to their country than to "the Gospel."

A party of opposition was thus gradually formed to resist the encroachments of the pastors, and of the spirit of control which animated them. This party united in itself the two extremes of the population—the best and the worst—the rabble and the most distinguished citizens who had led the van of the movement of emancipation. This party of *Libertins*, as they began to be called, occupied a conservative position. They claimed their right to enjoy in peace the liberties they

had fought for against the innovations of the preachers. In November, 1537, there was a scene in the Council. The councillors of the Libertine party went so far as to draw their swords, and reminded the Council that by what they had gained their freedom, by the same they would keep it. "*Le tout,*" says Roset, "*sous ce prétexte de maintenir les franchises.*"

The more the young men chafed against the bit, and the high minded and liberal patriots struggled in the net which was closing on them, the greater was the satisfaction of the mass of respectable middle and lower-class citizens who supported the ministers. They had no difficulty themselves in submitting to any amount of restraints. The narrowest creed imposes no fetters on the understanding of such men. The grosser portions of sensual pleasure satisfy the demands of their taste, without the accessories of social sympathy. It was sweet to them to see the talented, the wealthy, the distinguished, struck down by the levelling hand of Calvin. His maxim was, "Eminent services to the State, so far from standing in mitigation of moral delinquency, aggravate it. If a citizen has shed his blood for his country, is he to ask in return the liberty to do what he likes?" A moral code levels distinctions in a way no other code can. Birth, and pride, and blood secure an upper class from the petty and mercenary temptations which would bring them within the grasp of criminal law. But let fornication and intrigue be made punishable offences, and whose turn is it then to stand at the bar?

A republic, however, such as Geneva became, is not built on so rotten a foundation as the mere spirit of envy of superiority. This base passion worked here, as elsewhere, doubtless. It worked negatively in balancing the pretensions of the more educated and superior class. But the positive strength of the party lay in the French refugees, and in the religious spirit which they brought with them. This peculiar temperament of religious stoicism, with the stress that it lays on the ethical virtues of temperance, fortitude, and self-control, is, under the name of Puritanism too well known to English readers to need description. It is not so generally understood that, though it derives to this country directly from Geneva, and is popularly associated with the name of Calvin, it was not the home-growth of Geneva, nor was it originated by

the Calvinistic discipline. This concentrated severe type of character was brought to Geneva from France, where it had been generated by a reckless and cruel persecution. Virtue, stung to an intensity often almost savage, could scarcely have sprung into existence under the ordinary conditions of society, in which, if there is much sorrow, there is also some enjoyment. The peculiar ethical temper of Calvinism is precisely that of primitive Christianity—of the catacombs and the desert—and was created under the same stimulants.

Formidable from their intensified moral energy, the French emigrants were not inconsiderable in point of number. It was part of Calvin's policy to admit strangers to the freedom of the city unrestrictedly. Towards his later years we find (1558) as many as three hundred incorporated in a single day, of whom two hundred were French, fifty English, twenty-five Italians and five Spaniards. But even in 1536 they were numerous enough to excite the jealousy of the native patriots. And, organized as a State party by the master-spirit of Calvin, their influence was out of all proportion greater than their numbers. For a period of more than twelve months after Calvin's association into the pastorate, his power was slowly and surely mounting. But, as will always be the case, the encroachments of a party of innovation call into action the spirit of opposition. The friends of liberty had been surprised rather than routed. They had time in their turn to organize, and they were soon in a position to make an effectual stand. Matters were brought to a crisis, as usual, not on the merits of the new discipline but on a point of ceremony.

The Republic of Berne, in consideration of the services it had rendered to that of Geneva, considered itself entitled from time to time to tender its advice on the internal affairs of its young ally. This interference had hitherto been always well received by the Government to which it was addressed, and had generally been adopted. But, following the example of the civil power, the pastors of Berne ventured to make suggestions, in a tone of admonition, to their brother ministers of Geneva. The Bernese church used stone fonts for baptism; retained four *fêtes* during the year, viz., Christmas, New-year's Day, the Annunciation, and the Ascension, and employed unleavened bread in the Lord's Supper. All

these ceremonial observances Calvin had suppressed, not in the spirit of contradiction, but conducted to the conclusion by the strictest logic from the principles of the Reformation. The Bernese mistook their man if they thought Calvin would be docile to their theological suggestions. It was not that Calvin laid any stress on ceremonies, or shared the fanaticism of his ignorant sect, who thought the Catholic ceremonial pagan and profane. Narrow as was his theology in many respects, he was above such weakness. His remark on the English Prayer-book is well-known, from the irritation it caused in the minds of some of the Anglican High Church prelates. "The Book of Common Prayer had in it," he said, "tolerabiles ineptias; some follies, which, however, might be easily allowed to pass." In this very year (1538), in the preface to a Catechism which he published at Basle, he wrote these words: "We should rather endeavor a unity of doctrine and spirit among Christians than pettently insist on establishing certain ceremonies. Little will be said of forms on the Day of Judgment." When, however, summoned to conform to the Bernese usages, he at once refused to compromise the independence of the Church of Geneva by accepting the authority of a neighbor republic however respected, however intimately allied to his own. The Libertine party instantly saw the opportunity afforded for turning opinion against the pastors. The Libertines had now the majority in the Council, and they espoused the side of the Bernese with affected zeal. They sent for the pastors, Calvin, Farel, and Courault, and ordered them to celebrate the Supper with unleavened wafers at the approaching Easter Communion. The ministers replied that they could not recognize the authority, but were willing to submit to the decision of the collective Helvetic Churches in the synod of Zurich, which was to be held after Easter. The Council was equally firm on its side. It prohibited any celebration on Easter Day except with the wafer. Easter Sunday arrived. The excitement of the people was at its height. Farel preached as usual at St. Gervaise, and Calvin at St. Peter's. Both addressed the people on the same topic—on the Communion—and concluded their sermons with declaring that they would not administer it in the present state of passion and division in which the city was. The next day the Council decreed the banishment of Calvin

and Farel. On Tuesday the sentence was adopted in the Council General without discussion, and notice was served upon the two Reformers to leave the city within forty-eight hours. Nor was this a temporary outburst of popular dislike; for when the Bernese espoused their cause, and dispatched a special embassy to persuade the people of Geneva to receive back their ministers, the proposal was rejected. And in a General Council, held on the 27th of May, the decree of banishment was confirmed almost unanimously.

In this unanimity of voices against him, we seem to see the disappearance of Calvin's authority as abrupt as its rise had been. Entering the city a friendless and penniless exile in August, 1536, he had found himself in the short space of a few months dictating restraints, and enforcing rigorous laws which the established authorities of the place, the Little Council and the Syndics, could not have dreamed of proposing. But he, like all suddenly successful men, strains his power till it breaks; opinion deserts him. Not satisfied with a vast moral influence, he would have despotic control. He disgusts every one, and the people tear down their own idol. This is in April, 1538. Wait but two years more, and we find the syndics and Council of Geneva "affectionately recommending" themselves to their "good brother and singular friend, Docteur Calvin," then in exile at Strasburg, imploring his return—

"Vous pryons tres affectes vous volloz transporter par devers nous, et en vostre prestine place et ministere retourne. Et esperons en layde de Dieu que ce seray ung grand bien et fruyet a laugmentation de la se. Evangile. Voyeant que nostre peup.e vous desire. Et ferons avec vous de sorte que aurez occasion vous contenter."—*A Geneva, 22 Octobre, 1540.*"

We cannot be surprised that the historians and biographers flounder helplessly among conjecture and hypothesis on the causes of these rapid fluctuations. Their most labored surmises are little better, possibly are further from the truth, than the simple philosophy of the Pastor Bernard—"This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!"* or the more learned theory of Hooker, moralizing in a strain borrowed from the Latin classics over the levity of popular humor. In a free constitution, where the acts of the Gov-

* Bernard to Calvin, Feb. 6, 1541.

ernment are determined by the opinion of the majority, such fluctuations of policy indicate the alternate prevalence of nearly-balanced parties. When in April, 1538, the party of the Libertines triumphed over Calvin and the Reformers, a discerning eye might have seen that the triumph, complete as it seemed for the moment, was destined to be short-lived. The Libertine party in Geneva, as against the Calvinists, labored under the same disadvantage as the Protestant party in Europe at large did against the Catholics. They had no rallying principle, only a negative protest against constraint; powerful to overthrow, but perishing by suicide as soon as they have conquered. On the other hand, the Reforming party were strong in the possession of that exalted idea of moral duty and purity of life which was beginning to form itself among the French Protestants. Such a party may be extirpated by the sword; but where the free play of opinion is possible, it is no matter of doubt that it will prevail over the partisans of a mere abstract liberty.

On reviewing Calvin's letters written during exile, there can be little doubt that he foresaw his own restoration as certain. He had committed faults during his career as pastor of Geneva, and his imperious and peremptory manner had contributed to his unpopularity. But during his exile he showed a magnanimity truly noble. He maintained a correspondence with his friends and former flock in the city. But it was to urge them to respect their ministers *de facto*; to avoid all occasions of offence, and to submit in matters indifferent. When Sadolet, at the suggestion of the Pope, addressed his conciliatory epistle to the city of Geneva, and there was no one in Geneva competent to make a fitting reply, Calvin undertook it. He would not intrigue for a restoration; he would not speak of it, or propose it. He withdrew to Basle, and occupied himself with other things, with the second edition of "The Institutes," or the "Commentary on the Romans." While at Basle he received a "call" to the French Church at Strasburg. He was employed as deputy to the Diet at Worms, and again at Ratisbon. In all these various duties and employments his merit and services to the Reformed cause became every day more conspicuous. His position with respect to Geneva was altered. It was their turn, if they wanted him, to sue to him. When they did so, by the letter of

the 22nd of October, 1540, he delayed his consent, and put them off. But it was not in the spirit of a Coriolanus, or to enhance his own value. The hesitation proceeded from his having contracted engagements with his Strasburg congregation, which he did not feel at liberty to break off at once. On the 13th September, 1541, he reëntered Geneva, after an exile of three years and a half.

On the very day of his entry he waited on the Council, and gave in his demand for the establishment of a system of discipline, and a tribunal, or consistory, to enforce it. He was received with every mark of honor and affection, and was presented with a coat of broad-cloth (drap), a token of distinction, as private citizens wore serge. A committee was appointed to draw up an ecclesiastical constitution. A very few weeks sufficed for their task of legislation. It was but to draw, in the form of enactments, the principles explained in Calvin's "Institution."

The "Ordonnances Ecclesiastiques de l'Eglise de Genève" * well deserve the careful attention of the historian. We have in them not the mere arrangements of a single Swiss town, but the one form of church polity which best expresses the spirit of the Reformation. The religious instinct of the Reformed communions instantly sympathizing with the simplicity with which it went straight to its mark, diffused it over a large part of Europe. Calvin had provided a form of government for all the countries where the civil power had not already set up one. Wherever individual liberty was able to assert itself, the Calvinistic discipline instantly followed. It reformed Scotland, emancipated Holland, attained a brief but brilliant reign in England, and maintained a struggle of sixty years against the royal authority in France.

We must not, however, imagine that any mere form of polity could have power to work this renovation. The Genevan discipline armed the spirit of independence in Europe, but it did not call it forth. At its source, in Geneva itself, the discipline did not create freedom; it organized and affirmed it.

The distinction of Calvin as a Reformer is not to be sought in the doctrine which now bears his name, or in any doctrinal peculiarity. His great merit lies in his comparative neglect of dogma. He seized the idea of reformation as a real renovation of human character.

* They are in print. Geneva, 1577.

While the German Reformers were scholastically engaged in remodelling abstract metaphysical statements, Calvin had embraced the lofty idea of the Church of Christ as a society of regenerate men. The moral purification of humanity, as the original idea of Christianity, is the guiding idea of his system. The Communion of the Saints is held together by a moral, not a metaphysical, still less by a sacramental bond. In casting about for the ultimate ground of this spiritual virtue which was the earthly condition of the renewed man, the logical mind of Calvin refused to rest in any intermediate causes. He swept away at once the sacramental machinery of material media of salvation which the middle-age Church had provided in such abundance, and which Luther frowned upon, but did not reject. He was not satisfied to go back only to the historical origin of Christianity, but would found human virtue on the eternal, antemundane will of God. If he left the Atonement, he seemed to deprive it of any original efficacy or inherent virtue by referring it, too, back to an absolute decree, in conformity with which it was arranged.

Hence, too, the religious society is necessarily democratic. For all other inequalities among men sink into nothing in the presence of the levelling decree, which sets apart a select few out of the mass to be recipients of the divine favor. But as our eyes cannot distinguish the elect from the rest of the visible church, all must, in this world, be treated alike. The citizens of this spiritual republic must govern themselves. Doctors and pastors, indeed, there must be, but they are servants to the community, not lords over it. The function of the doctor is very slightly touched in the "Institution." It is only to teach, and reduces itself to a pure interpretation of Scripture. That of the pastors is more important, as to them belongs reproof, exhortation, admonition, advice. But in this ministration, they are but the exponents of the word or law of God, and have no power or authority of themselves, or as belonging to any privileged order. As their duty will often place them in collision with their flocks, their rights must be clear and well defined. The civil authority, though distinct from the spiritual, is bound to support it. The magistrate must enforce the penalties imposed by the ecclesiastical tribunal, preserve the exterior form of religion, and suppress by force

crimes against public religion, as idolatry and blasphemy.

These general principles of government, as expounded in the "Institutions," were embodied in the arrangements now carried out by Calvin in Geneva. The details are these:—

The five pastors of the city parishes, the pastors of the rural districts, and the teachers of theology (when any), were embodied under the style of "The Venerable Company." This board of ministers superintended the theological students, selected the ministers for ordination, subject to the approbation of the flock, and had the ordinary administration of the Church. When a minister's place was vacant, the candidates were first examined in the interpretation of Scripture. The examination was conducted by the Company of Pastors, but in the presence of (lay) delegates deputed by the Council of State. After the examination the councillors withdrew, and the election was made by the Venerable Company, and determined by the majority of voices. Their choice was first submitted to the Council for its approbation, and on the following Sunday announced to the people from the pulpits. The members of the congregation were requested to transmit in writing to the Syndics any objections they had to make against the minister-elect. Eight days were allowed for this purpose. If no objections were brought, the candidate was ordained. This was the pastoral organization.

More important was the disciplinary organization. This, the working element of the whole system, was not entrusted to the pastors, but to a body called the Consistory. In this board the five pastors of the city parishes were united with twelve elders (*anciens*) elected out of the Councils, by the Councils and the Company united. It was a main point with Calvin, that the lay element in this body should outnumber the ecclesiastical. For the control given to this Consistory over the morals and deportment of the citizens was so searching and domestic, that to be at all tolerable, it was necessary it should be lodged in the hands of the congregation itself; exercised by the people themselves upon themselves. To the Consistory belonged an absolute and irresponsible authority of censure, enforced by the power of excommunication, which the civil arm was

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obliged to give effect to. From his cradle to his grave, the Genevese citizen was pursued by this inquisitorial eye. Those parts of life which are most private and withdrawn, were here exposed to public view, and made an affair of public concernment and welfare. It must suffice to cite a few of these regulations as a specimen of the rest:—

Dress—"Est defendu à tous citoyens . . . tout usage d'or ou d'argent en porfillures, broderies, passemens, couetilles, filets, ou autres tels enrichissemens d'habits, en quelque sorte et manière que ce soit.

"Sont defendues toutes chaines, bracelets, carquans, fers, boutons, pendans d'or sur habits, cordons d'or ou d'argent, et ceintures d'or, et en general tout usage d'or et de pïerrie, soyent pierres, perles, grenats ou autres, sur habits, en ceintures, colliers ni autrement.

. . . "Est defendu aux hommes de porter de longs cheveux, avec passe fillons, et bagues aux oreilles.

"Est defendu aux femmes et filles tout frisure, relevement et entortillement des cheveux, et de porter aucuns grenats ou pïerries, en leur coiffures et cornettes. Toutes façons superflues et excessives de point coupé ou autre ouvrage ou pointes excessives, soit, en valeur ou grandeur, sur les collets et rabats.

"Toutes fraises excessives et fraises en point coupé, tant aux hommes q'au femmes, et tous rabats doubles excessifs.

"Que nulles filles de qualité que elles soyent, n'ayent à porter aucuns anneaux ayant q'estre fiancées, a'l peine de 60 sols, et confiscation des dites bagues.

Entertainments.—"Item, que nul faisant nopces, banquets ou festins, n'ait à faire au service d'iceux plus haut d'une venue ou mise de chairs ou de poisson, et de cinq plats au plus, honnestes et raisonnables, en ce non comprises les mesmes entrées, et huict plats de tout dessert et q'au dit dessert y'nait pastissierie, ou piece de four, sinon une tourte seulement, et cela en chacune table de 10 personnes.

"Sont defendues aus dites nopces ou banquets toutes sortes de confitures seches, excepté la drogée le tout à serise de 60 sols.

"Est defendu à toutes personnes de provoquer autrui à boire, ni l'accepter, en aucuns festins, ou autres répas.

Wedding Presents.—"Est defendu aux espoux et espouses de faire aucuns dons et presens a autres qu'a eux, ni mesme aux servants et filles, et que ceux qui se feront mutuellement soyent en toute médiocrité.

"Est defendu de donner aus dites fiançailles, nopces, ou baptisailles, des bouquets liés

d'or ou canetilles, ou garnis de grénats, perles, et autres pïerrieres."

Many legislators have enacted, sumptuary laws. What is surprising is, not that Calvin should have proposed this code, but that it should have been accepted by, and acceptable to, the people, and should have been acted upon without difficulty. The regulations, some two hundred articles in all, were published, and for some weeks the people had the opportunity of considering them, and talking them over in their family circles. On November 20th, a solemn Council-General was convoked in St. Peter's Church. Each article was read and put to the vote separately. Before they quitted the church, a whole people, between two and three thousand free and independent citizens, had voluntarily engaged to observe the whole circle of moral duties in this rigorous form; to attend divine service regularly, to bring up their children "in the fear of the Lord," to renounce not only sensual indulgences, but nearly every form of amusement, to adopt the severest simplicity in their dress, the strictest frugality and order in their abodes.

Nor were these vain promises. The Ordinances were not only accepted, they were carried out in the letter and the spirit, Pastor Gaberel gives us some curious instances. They are extracted from the Registers of the Council, and those of the Consistory, from 1545 to 1557.

"A man, who swore by the 'body and blood of Christ,' was condemned to sit in the public square in the stocks, and to be fined.

"Another, hearing an ass bray, and saying jestingly, 'Il chante un beau psaume,' was sentenced to temporary banishment from the city.

"A man was sentenced to the 'amende honorable,' for saying in church, at the moment of the benediction of the Communion, 'Taisé vos, y est prou prié.'

"A young man, presenting his bride with an accompt-book, said, 'Tenez, madame, voci votre meilleur psaume.' Another, a working-man, for saying in a wine-shop, 'S'il y a un Dieu, q'il me paie mon écot;' both had to undergo some penalty. A young girl, in church, singing the words of a song to the tune of the psalm, was ordered to be whipt by her parents.

"Drunkness and debauchery were visited with more severe penalties; adultery, more than once with death. Prostitutes who ventured back to Geneva, were mercilessly thrown into the Rhone. Cards were altogether pro-

nibited. Rope-dancers and conjurers were forbidden to exhibit. Usury was restricted, no higher rate of interest being allowed than 3-2-3 per cent.

"In 1544, the Consistory, laying a complaint before the Council against the Sr. Roseti, that he 'had given the Sr. Morel the lie, and had said that he was as good a man as he was, et est soupçonné de paillardise,'—the delinquent, or *suspect*, was sent to prison.

"1553, on complaint by the Consistory, that 'last Sunday, at a christening of a child of T——, there had been singing and dancing, which is against God and the ordinances;' ordered, that this be not again allowed.

"The romance of 'Amadis' having found its way into the book-shops, the Council forbid the reading, and order the copies to be destroyed."

The rigor which the ministers, through the Consistory, 'exercised over their flocks, they did not spare each other. On certain days the pastors met for mutual censorship, when they were bound to produce without reserve, whatever they knew or believed to be faulty in each other's deportment. To take an instance, after Calvin's death:—

"A M. Druson, minister of one of the country parishes, is complained of on more than one account. His sermons are not understood; he does not visit his flock. Further, it was alleged that, having engaged himself in marriage to a young person, he broke it off just before the contract was to be signed, on the plea that her portion was insufficient. The scandal was judged heinous: M. Druson was deposed from his functions, and forbidden to approach the Communion."

It would be easy to multiply these instances. The Register of the Consistory is said* to contain the record of four hundred and fourteen cases in the two years 1558 and 1559 alone. But it is not the aim of these pages to attract ridicule to the subject of them; or to discuss the labors of the most earnest of men, in that style of ghastly buffoonery which is becoming more and more the tone of the periodical press in this country. The thoughtful reader will read these minutæ neither with scorn nor pity. He will recognize in them, in the first place, the character of fact; a disclosure, in undress, of human character and actions which the lofty philosophic generalities of history have too much the power to control or disguise. In the second place, if we are disposed to think that

* Henry, "Calvin's Leben," ii. 217.

the historical picture is "frittered;" that the grand and masculine figure of Calvin is degraded by the miserable details of the petty strife, we shall remember that principles are nothing except in their applications. The story of Genevan reform may instruct us how the insignificant squabbles of a municipal council may be ennobled into one of the most important chapters of the history of civilization. The educated man of our day is paralyzed by this fastidious intellectualism, which disdains the littlenesses of ordinary life. Hence, superior mental endowments are retiring more and more from the field of action. In spite of the advances of education, of which we hear so much, society and affairs are more than ever in the hands of the "practical" man, of the vigorous will, but uninstructed intellect. Refined knowledge is entrenching itself in literature; but literature is becoming less and less powerful in its action on society, as the element of will becomes more palpably deficient in it.

The movement of the Reformation, as being so largely an intellectual one, incurred the same danger as that which thus threatens our modern civilizing progress. The scientific spirit, which reached its height in the earlier part of the sixteenth century, saw the rise of the Reformation with any thing but a favorable eye. Erasmus complains heavily of the damage Luther is doing to letters. Bembo is all astonishment at the piety of Melancthon. The men of the Renaissance turned with disgust from the men of the Reform. Their taste was offended by the barbarous violence; their critical impartiality, by the headstrong one-sidedness of the new movement. But more than this. Their culture, by enervating their character, had placed them in antipathy to the moral earnestness of the German Reformers. By touching the deeper sources of moral life, however, Luther was able to do what Erasmus could not have done. The intellectual movement of Humanism was swept into the mightier movement of the Reformation. But the Reformation itself very soon began to betray an interior weakness of the same kind with that which had neutralized the effort of the Humanists. In the earlier days of Luther, while Protestant effort was directed to realize the conditions of human redemption and moral recovery, the movement expanded with an elastic force which carried all before it. The moral revolt against

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the mechanical salvation by church and sacraments, further strengthened itself by allying, or absorbing, the intellectual revolt against the Church as teacher, which we may designate as the Renaissance. But a moral effort soon gave place to controversy on dogma. From enforcing justification by faith, the Reformers soon began to think the mode of stating the doctrine the all-important point. The intellectual was no longer for the sake of the moral. The Reformation impulse was fast dying out in dispute on symbol and dogma, as little sanctifying in the production of character, as the scholastic pedantry of Roman theology. The effort of the Protestant teachers was beginning to be directed to the propagation of theological opinions. The old idea of orthodoxy remained unshaken, only that the particular opinions qualified as orthodox were slightly varied.

The Protestant movement was saved from being sunk in the quicksands of doctrinal dispute, chiefly by the new moral direction given to it in Geneva. The religious instinct of Calvin discerned the crying need of human nature to be a social discipline, rather than a metaphysical correctness. The scheme of polity which he contrived, however mixed with the erroneous notions of his day, enforced at least the two cardinal laws of human society; viz., self-control as the foundation of virtue; self-sacrifice as the condition of the common weal. His legislation did not create, but it concentrated and directed, this moral force. We are tempted to laugh at the record of the day by day enforcement of his code. Let us remember the axioms of the schools that, "All actions are in singulars," and that only in single instances is the practice of rules possible. Had Calvin, like Plato, left only a paper-sketch of a republic, in glowing language and magnificent imagery, how much more would he have been admired by the world! He did how much more than describe a virtuous society—he created one! Calvin's ideal is, doubtless, vastly inferior to that of Plato but it is under the disadvantage of having been worked in practice. With what surprising effect it worked, the whole history of Protestant Europe is witness. It was a rude attempt, indeed, but then it was the first which modern times had seen, to combine individual and equal freedom with strict self-imposed law; to found society on the common endeavor after moral

perfection. The Christianity of the middle ages had preached the base and demoralizing surrender of the individual; the surrender of his understanding to the church; of his conscience to the priest; of his will to the prince. Protestantism, as an insurrection against this subjugation, labored under the same weakness as all other revolutions. It threw off a yoke and got rid of an exterior control, but it was destitute of any basis of interior life. True freedom can only be founded on a strong sense of personality; the conscious possession of a moral force, from which the outward actions flow. Mere emancipation from the tutelage of a church or a government will not convey this basis of self-reliance. The will is not free, merely because it is relieved from outward restraint. But this is all that any revolution does; to destroy impediments to free agency, not to regenerate the forces of action.

The polity of Calvin was a vigorous effort to supply that which the revolutionary movement wanted,—a positive education of the individual soul. Crushed under the weight of a spiritual aristocracy on the one side, and ground down by the huge machine of administrative monarchy on the other, all personal freedom, all moral attributes, had nearly disappeared among the people on whom this superincumbent mass pressed. To raise up the enfeebled will, to stir the individual conscience, to incite the soul not only to reclaim its rights, but to feel its obligations; to substitute free obedience for passive submission,—this was the lofty aim of the simple, not to say barbarous, legislation of Calvin. The inquisitorial rigors of the Consistory encouraged, instead of humbling, independence. Government at Geneva was not police, but education; self-government mutually enforced by equals on each other. The power thus generated was too expansive to be confined to Geneva. It went forth into all countries. From every part of Protestant Europe, eager hearts flocked hither to catch something of the inspiration. The Reformed Communion, which doctrinal discussion was fast splitting up into ever-multiplying sects, began to feel in this moral sympathy a new centre of union. This, and this alone, enabled the Reformation to make head against the terrible repressive forces brought to bear by Spain,—the Inquisition and the Jesuits. Sparta against Persia was not such odds as Geneva against Spain.

Calvinism saved Europe. The rugged and grotesque discipline of Calvin raised up, from St. Andrew's to Geneva, that little band, not very polished, not very refined, but free-men!

"That which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

Such is the admirable force upon the human conscience of the simple virtues of sincerity and self-denial. Where they are exhibited in a distinct and recognizable form, they never fail to conquer, and spread themselves. Henceforward Calvinism tended to take up into itself all the moral worth existing anywhere in Protestantism. As the Humanistic movement had been absorbed into the Protestant, so the first, or Lutheran, reform was gradually overborne by the Calvinistic, save where State interests interfered to prevent it. Such is the law of all great movements. The truly great exert a magical influence. Character is more powerful than intellect. The lesser stream empties itself into the greater. Lutheranism was incapable of propagating itself. Calvinism reappeared again and again, with no less vitality than at first. It animated the Cameronians of Cleland, no less than the Independents of Cromwell or the defenders of La Rochelle.

It is necessary to dwell on the services rendered by Calvin to human liberty, for his sins against it were of the deepest dye. These may be brought under two heads:—1. His political intolerance shows itself in the suppression of the Libertine party in 1555. 2. His theological intolerance, as shown by the cruel execution of Servetus and of Gruet, and his conduct to Bolzec, Castaillon, Gentilis, &c.

1. For the overthrow of the *Libertins* in 1555, Calvin will be acquitted by history. The necessities of his position may be held to excuse him. It was a struggle *à l'outrance* for power in Geneva. Not, on Calvin's part, for selfish power, but for the maintenance of that system which was unmistakably working for the best interests of the city, and which was, besides, acceptable to the majority of the inhabitants.

The Libertine party, who had triumphed in the expulsion of Calvin and Farel in 1538, and had again succumbed to the restoration of the former in 1541, slowly and steadily regained their lost ground. The severity and

painfulness of the discipline galled the weak brethren and the "outsiders." Though Calvin never lost the steady support of the thorough-going men, a formidable amount of unpopularity gradually accumulated against him. The young men of the *Liberal* party gave the tone. It was eagerly adopted. Calvin was not safe from insult in the street; they hissed him as he passed along. The children were encouraged to make faces at him. They turned his name into Cain. The opposition succeeded in penetrating into the Councils; and at the elections of 1549, Amied Perrin, the leader of the Liberals, was chosen First Syndic.

Amied Perrin, captain-general of the republic, had married into the family of Favre, one of the leaders in the liberation of Geneva. Old François Favre, the father-in-law, retained all the fiery spirit of the *Eidgnos*. His son-in-law, Amied, equally chivalrous and patriotic, had much less sense and bal last. A man of fine commanding figure, who dressed with elegance, wore his sword well, and conversed with the skill of a French courtier, but vainglorious, full of himself, unable to control his loquacious vanity at table, or in the council, he was particularly exposed to the sarcasms of the grave and censorious citizens of the new stamp. The hatred that grew up between this man and the Reformer was one of those intense, immortal hates which a character like Calvin's is alone capable of provoking and sustaining. On Calvin's side it was only slightly relieved by the contempt which he felt for the "Stage Cæsar," as he called Amied. But in describing his wife Françoise, and his father-in-law Favre, Calvin has withheld none of the colors of religious malignity. With this family his struggle was long; it ran through several years, with alternating success. Perrin was no match for Calvin face to face before the Council. But he was sustained by his party, and by the secret inclinations of the people, who, while they lamented his principles, conceded some latitude of speech and conduct to the gallant soldier. Once Calvin succeeded in getting him dismissed from his employments, expelled from the Council, and imprisoned. But he soon recovered his liberty, his office, and the public favor. More than once, during the struggle, the Liberal party seemed on the point of triumphing, and Calvin was expecting a second exile. Thus, he has been

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compared * to one of those middle-age Popes who, while Europe trembled at their frown, were themselves ever on the point of being driven out of their own capital. Sometimes the parties broke out into open violence. But to the credit of the republic it may be observed that wherever Calvin appeared on the scene, a certain degree of respect and forbearance was shown him.

The sort of feeling with which he was regarded may be gathered from one of these incidents. Viret happened to be on a visit in Geneva. A personal enemy of Calvin succeeded in getting into his hands, through Viret's servant, some of Calvin's letters; Viret, who was minister at Lausanne, being one of the persons with whom Calvin maintained a confidential correspondence. In one of these letters Calvin had said, in his usual style, severe things of the Genevese. One passage was—"The people here assume the name of Christ, but they desire to live without him. I have to wage an incessant war with this hypocrisy." This letter was handed about in the town, where it excited the greatest indignation, and finally was made a charge against Calvin before the Council. He had added in the same letter, "I expect little of the syndics of this year." On this the accusation of "defaming the Government" was founded. Calvin's answer was obvious. "A confidential letter to a friend was not a published opinion at all. Besides, the expressions referred to events now three years old; and he was ready to uphold their truth." After Calvin had been heard, and had withdrawn, Farel, who happened to be present, said—"Troth, sirs, but ye ought to handle more tenderly with a man such as is Calvin, a man who hath not his equal in knowledge or in repute throughout all the churches. His censures be something rough, but ye should not be so delicate. He hath not spared Luther or Melancthon, and they have borne it meekly. Nor is it meet that magistrates should be thus occupying themselves with the scandal of the taverns." The Council felt the justice of these remarks, and the matter was let drop.

At length in 1555 the crisis came. The *dénouement* was simple enough, and the victory was complete. The leaders of the Liberal party were either exiled or beheaded, their property confiscated, and to propose

their recall was made a capital offence. But what exactly the nature of the treason in which they were implicated, whether it was political or ecclesiastical, whether it was plot, riot, or armed insurrection, we try in vain to make out from the confused and contradictory statements of the historians and biographers. The defeat of the Libertines is almost as great an historical enigma as the conspiracy of Catiline. It is not that there is a lack of original evidence. But this is so overlaid by the partisan statements of controversial or apologetic biographers, that it will require the careful and tedious process of a thoroughly critical sifting before any notion can be formed of the real character of these transactions. No life has been more written and re-written than that of Calvin. None stands in greater need of a really critical biographer. The letters of Calvin, which have as yet been only very partially published, are in process of collection by M. Bonnet. The "Société d'Histoire et d'Archéologie" of Geneva, in publishing some of the remains of Bonivard, and the "Société de l'Histoire Protestante" of France, have done useful service in preparing original material. But what is above all wanted is the publication, in their integrity, of the Registers of the Councils and the Consistory. Without these before him, the writer of history can only be misled by the partial and garbled extracts which are scattered up and down the various books which treat this period of the annals of Geneva. The most complete selection which has as yet been printed comprehends no more than the five years from 1532 to 1536. This, which is annexed to M. Gustave Revilliod's edition of "Froment," is only an extract, and omits those extracts which had previously been printed by Baron Grénus: an omission which detracts considerably from the utility, as well as the authenticity of the volume. M. Révilliod promises a continuation of his labors. It were much to be wished that, in that part which covers the early history of Calvinism, the most faithful reproduction of the original documents should be made the rule of editing.

In the case of the Libertines, the accusation against Calvin is, that the men who had founded the liberties of their country were put to death, exiled, ruined to make way for the establishment of his own authority. This charge is only partially met by M. Gaberel's

* Lermnier, "Revue d. d. Mondes," 1842.

list of names.* He shows by a tabular comparison of the *Eidgnoss* of 1519—1530 with the *Libertines* of 1555, that only five of the latter are included among the former. This is true. But, though the older liberators had been removed by death in the interval, it is undeniable that the *Libertines* of 1555 were the true political representatives of the patriots of 1530. In many cases they were their sons, nephews, or otherwise related. But what if they were, if they refused to submit to the institutions established by the free choice of the free community? Calvin argued that previous merit only enhanced the guilt of lawlessness. He would not have admitted the plea of Tancred for Rinaldo—

" Ti sovegna
Saggio Signor, chi sia Rinaldo, e quale;
Non del chi regna
Nel castigo con tutti esser uguale."

Neither, again, must we be misled by the historians who blacken the moral character of the *Libertines*, and adopt, in their ordinary sense, the epithets "vicious, dissolute, debauched," which the Calvinists applied to their opponents. The *Libertines* wished to live as other people live, not more. What they opposed was, judicial cognizance of offences against morals, which were not also offences against society. The name which the Calvinists succeeded in imposing on their adversaries has prejudged their case. The term "*Libertin*" was transferred to the Liberal party in Geneva, the remnant of the old Liberators, from an Anabaptist sect which had arisen in the Low Countries. The antinomian doctrines of Quentin and Cop, the Spiritual *Libertines*, were never adopted by the Genevese patriots, who were neither theologians nor metaphysicians. They were no systematic defenders of sensuality; but claimed, as Michel Roset reports their own words—"vivre en liberté, et ne vouloir être contrainsts au dire des prêcheurs." They did not theoretically deny the obligation of morality; but they thought it too much to be obliged to swear that they would keep the Ten Commandments.

The historian must never consider himself the apologist of his characters, nor think that his business is to obtain a verdict. But if the view we have taken of Calvin's enterprise be at all correct, we see that the success of that enterprise involved the fall of the *Libertines*.

* Gaberel, i. 303.

To submit or to withdraw from the city was the only alternative that could be offered them. Neither had Calvin any choice. Either he must destroy them, or they would destroy—not himself, but his work, which he believed to be the work of God. His fight with the *Libertines* was not persecution of opinion, or an attempt to bring dissidents into the Church by force. The *Libertines* never alleged that their consciences were violated, but only that they did not like the constraint. If they were compelled, it is only as any recalcitrant minority is compelled, in every free State, by the majority. Such a minority can only claim our sympathy for their resistance, either when they suffer for conscience' sake, or for some noble cause. In this case no ground of conscience was or could be alleged. The *Libertines* had reasons and a good cause, but their opponents had better.

There is, indeed, a seeming paradox in the situation, when the Liberal party appear as the enemies of freedom. But this is not the solitary instance in history of the same phenomenon. It may easily happen that Liberalism may be found on one side and Liberty on the other. For Liberalism is only the irreflective desire to be quit of constraint; the natural instinct of the freeman, but nothing more. It is not till that instinct has been deepened into consciousness, till the impulse has been educated into spontaneity, that the liberty of a truly free will begins to be exercised. The roving savage and the citizens of a Republic are both free, but in a different sort. Any anarchy has in it more opportunity for manly virtue, than the strait-waistcoat of "order" imposed by the political keeper. But true liberty is only realized through self-control, when "the weight of chance desires" has been felt, and been shaken off by an effort of the will. The modern State, a mere engine of police and property, is wholly incapable of conferring freedom on the individual. It only attains its end by encroaching on the individual. To this policed society the old social contract theory strictly applied, when it represented each as sacrificing some of his own liberty for the benefit of all. Law is conceived as so much surrender of right, and justice as "the good of others." "In pessimâ Republicâ plurimæ leges." But in the pure State, which is founded on virtue, or "the law of Christ," restraint is not imposed

from without, but issues from within. The state of salvation within which the elect is placed, is the "kingdom of Heaven," in which he has no superior but God, and is himself the only aristocrat. Holiness, or strictness of life, becomes his point of honor. The inward "assurance" of his election elevates the "saint" above the difficulties of virtue. Morality is to him not a law which he is under the disagreeable necessity of obeying, but the only sphere in which he can exhibit the energies of his spiritual character. The will is the man. "Il peut tout en etant soi; il ne peut rien sans l'être. De la verité et l'originalité de l'âme procède la puissance."*

2. The political intolerance of Calvin was his strength; and the tyranny of the discipline became the cradle of liberty. It was very different with his intolerance of opinion. We must side with Calvin as against the Libertines. Every philosophic mind will say with Gibbon—"I am more scandalized by the burning of Servetus than by the whole hecatombs of human beings immolated in the *auto da fés* of Spain and Portugal." But it has been our intention in this paper to consider Calvin in his political action only. His doctrinal and philosophical views form a separate subject. Suffice it to say that

* Sayous, "Etudes sur les Ecrivains Français."

though Calvinism was an advance on the earlier Protestantism, in endowing it with the idea of the Church, as the society of the Believers, it did not make a step beyond it in the direction of emancipating Reason. Calvinism conferred on the human will its true freedom of action through restraint. His own powerful will impelled him to modify the ethics of Protestantism. But intensity of will is ever in an inverse ratio to breadth of intelligence. Calvin had a passionate desire to live as a free man under the law of God. He felt no corresponding necessity for intellectual emancipation. His mind had not compassed the idea of truths of reason. He knew only traditional dogma. And, to save the good character of Protestantism, it was desirable that the world should understand that religious Protestants repudiated all idea of touching the dogma as much as the Catholics themselves. The punishment of Servetus was a stroke of policy. Calvin gained in character with his contemporaries by it. He had justified his faith by his acts, and not left the Church of Rome the sole glory of taking vengeance on the enemies of Christ. All the Protestants approved; Melancthon emphatically so. Calvin never repented it. Greatly as the Calvinistic Churches have served the cause of political liberty, they have contributed nothing to the progress of knowledge.

THE RYE HOUSE.—The *Essex Standard* gives an account of a very interesting exploration which has recently been made by Mr. Teale under the ancient gate-way of the Rye House, Hoddesdon. A tradition has been handed down that a subterranean passage extended from the Rye-house to Nether Hall in this county. Mr. Teale determined on ascertaining somewhat respecting the truth of the story, and accordingly a few weeks since he commenced excavating under the brick staircase of the tower. After clearing out several cart-loads of earth a passage was discovered descending round the central foundation of the staircase. After going to a considerable depth there was found a huge stone, which might have served for a coffin, but which, from the position in which it was placed, had probably served as a living prison. A passage was next found leading off westerly from the tower, and after proceeding some yards a cell was discovered, with huge iron door and grating; inside this cell is a seat of brickwork, running

whole length of the interior eight or ten feet. A faint ray of light glimmers in from above, but on viewing it through the grating all seems profound darkness. A passage branching off north under an arched doorway near the cell grating has been blocked up for the present; another leading south was cleared out and explored, and an entrance has been made from it into the garden south of the tower. Some curious specimens of antiquity were found; coins, some Roman, others of Henry II.'s time, a sword, a very remarkable spear, richly and elaborately ornamented, and other weapons of warfare; but no remains of human bodies have at present been brought to light. The roof of the passage near the cell presents a remarkable appearance; huge stalactites of a dingy gray cast hang from the top, some of immense size, and the action of which has caused the sides of the gloomy passage to present a crystalline appearance. The result of the excavation will, of course, induce Mr. Teale to continue his researches.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

BUT I don't see how my lady could think it was over-education that made Harry Gregson break his thigh, for the manner in which he met with the accident was this :

Mr. Horner, who had fallen sadly out of health since his wife's death, had attached himself greatly to Harry Gregson. Now Mr. Horner had a cold manner to every one, and never spoke more than was necessary at the best of times. And, latterly, it had not been the best of times with him. I dare say he had had some causes for anxiety (of which I knew nothing) about my lady's affairs; and he was evidently annoyed by my lady's whim (as he once inadvertently called it) of placing Miss Galindo under him in the position of a clerk. Yet he had always been friends, in his quiet way, with Miss Galindo, and she devoted herself to her new occupation with diligence and punctuality, although more than once she had moaned to me over the orders for needlework which had been sent to her, and which, owing to her occupation in the service of Lady Ludlow, she had been unable to fulfil.

The only living creature to whom the staid Mr. Horner could be said to be attached was Harry Gregson. To my lady he was a faithful and devoted servant, looking keenly after her interests, and anxious to forward them at any cost of trouble to himself. But the more shrewd Mr. Horner was, the more probability was there of his being annoyed at certain peculiarities of opinion which my lady held with a quiet, gentle pertinacity; against which no arguments, based on mere worldly and business calculations, made any way. This frequent opposition to views which Mr. Horner entertained, although it did not interfere with the sincere respect which the lady and the steward felt for each other, yet prevented any warmer feeling of affection from coming in. It seems strange to say it, but I must repeat it; the only person for whom, since his wife's death, Mr. Horner seemed to feel any love, was the little imp, Harry Gregson, with his bright, watchful eyes, his tangled hair hanging right down to his eyebrows, for all the world like a Skye terrier. This lad, half gipsy, and whole poacher, as many people esteemed him, hung about the silent, respectable, staid Mr. Horner, and followed his steps with something of the affectionate fidelity of the dog whom he resembled. I suspect this demonstration of attachment to his

person on Harry Gregson's part was what won Mr. Horner's regard. In the first instance, the steward had only chosen the lad out as the cleverest instrument he could find for his purpose; and I don't mean to say that if Harry had not been almost as shrewd as Mr. Horner himself was, both by original disposition and subsequent experience, the steward would have taken to him as he did, let the lad have shown ever so much affection for him.

But even to Harry Mr. Horner was silent. Still it was pleasant to find himself in many ways so readily understood; to perceive that the crumbs of knowledge he let fall were picked up by his little follower, and hoarded like gold; that there was one to hate the persons and things whom Mr. Horner coldly disliked, and to reverence and admire all those for whom he had any regard. Mr. Horner had never had a child, and unconsciously, I suppose, something of the paternal feeling had begun to develop itself in him towards Harry Gregson. I heard one or two things from different people which have always made me fancy that Mr. Horner secretly and almost unconsciously hoped that Harry Gregson might be trained so as to be first his clerk, and next his assistant, and finally his successor in his stewardship to the Hanbury estates.

Harry's disgrace with my lady in consequence of his reading the letter, was a deeper blow to Mr. Horner than his quiet manner would ever have led any one to suppose, or than Lady Ludlow ever dreamed of inflicting, I am sure.

Probably Harry had a short, stern rebuke from Mr. Horner at the time, for his manner was always hard even to those he cared for the most. But Harry's love was not to be daunted or quelled by a few sharp words. I dare say from what I heard of them afterwards, that Harry accompanied Mr. Horner in his walk over the farm the very day of the rebuke; his presence apparently unnoticed by the agent, by whom his absence would have been painfully felt nevertheless. That was the way of it, as I have been told. Mr. Horner never bade Harry go with him; never thanked him for going, or being at his heels ready to run on any errands, straight as the crow flies to his point, and back to heel in as short a time as possible. Yet, if Harry were away, Mr. Horner never inquired the reason from any of the men who might be supposed

to know if he were detained by his father, or otherwise engaged; he never asked Harry himself where he had been. But Miss Galindo said that those laborers who knew Mr. Horner well told her that he was always more quick-eyed to short-comings, more savage-like in fault-finding on those days when the lad was absent.

Miss Galindo was, indeed, my great authority for most of the village news which I heard. She it was who gave me the particulars of poor Harry's accident.

"You see, my dear," she said, "the little poacher has taken some unaccountable fancy to my master." (This was the name by which Miss Galindo always spoke of Mr. Horner to me, ever since she had been, as she called it, appointed his clerk.)

"Now if I had twenty hearts to lose, I never could spare a bit of one of them for that good, grey, square, severe man. But different people have different tastes, and here is that little imp of a gipsy-tinker ready to turn slave for my master; and, odd enough, my master,—who, I should have said beforehand, would have made short work of imp, and imp's family, and would have sent Hall, the Bang-Beggar after them in no time—my master, as they tell me, is in his way quite fond of the lad, and if he could, without vexing my lady too much, he would have made him what the folks here call a Latiner. However, last night it seems that there was a letter of some importance forgotten (I can't tell you what it was about, my dear, though I know perfectly well, but 'service oblige,' as well as 'noblesse,' and you must take my word for it that it was important, and one that I'm surprised my master could forget), till too late for the post. (The poor, good, orderly man is not what he was before his wife's death.) Well, it seems that he was sore annoyed by his forgetfulness, and well he might be. And it was all the more vexatious as he had no one to blame but himself. As for that matter, I always scold somebody else when I'm in fault; but I suppose my master would never think of doing that, else it's a mighty relief. However, he could eat no tea, and was altogether put out and gloomy. And the little faithful imp-lad, perceiving all this I suppose, got up like a page in an old ballad, and said he would run for his life across country to Comberford, and see if he could not get there before the bags were

made up. So my master gave him the letter, and nothing more was heard of the poor fellow till this morning, for the father thought his son was sleeping in Mr. Horner's barn, as he does occasionally it seems, and my master, as was very natural, that he had gone to his father's."

"And he had fallen down the old stone quarry, had he not?"

"Yes, sure enough. Mr. Gray had been up here, fretting my lady with some of his new-fangled schemes, and because the young man could not have it all his own way, from what I understand, he was put out, and thought he would go home by the back lane, instead of through the village, where the folks would notice if the parson looked glum. But, however, it was a mercy, and I don't mind saying so, ay, and meaning it too, though it may be like methodism, for as Mr. Gray walked by the quarry he heard a groan, and at first he thought it was a lamb fallen down; and he stood still, and then he heard it again; and then I suppose he looked down and saw Harry. So he let himself down by the tongs of the trees to the ledge where Harry lay half dead, and with his poor thigh broken. There he had lain ever since the night before; he had been returning to tell the master that he had safely posted the letter, and the first words he said when they recovered him from the exhausted state he was in, were" (Miss Galindo tried hard not to whimper as she said it), "It was in time, sir. I see'd it put in the bag with my own eyes."

"But where is he?" asked I. "How did Mr. Gray get him out?"

"Ay! there it is, you see. Why the old gentleman (I darn't say Devil in Lady Ludlow's house), is not so black as he is painted; and Mr. Gray must have a deal of good in him, as I say at times; and then at others, when he has gone against me, I can't bear him, and think hanging too good for him. But he lifted the poor lad as if he had been a baby, I suppose, and carried him up the great ledges that were formerly used for steps; and laid him soft and easy on the wayside grass, and ran home and got help and a door, and had him carried to his house and laid on his bed; and then somehow, for the first time either he or any one else perceived it, he himself was all over blood—his own blood—he had broken a blood-vessel and there he lies in the little dressing-room, as

white and as sti'l as if he were dead; and the little imp in Mr. Gray's own bed, sound asleep, now his leg is set, just as if linen sheets and a feather bed were his native element, as one may say. Really now he is doing so well, I've no patience with him lying there where Mr. Gray ought to be. It is just what my lady always prophesied would come to pass, if there was any confusion of ranks."

"Poor Mr. Gray!" said I, thinking of his flushed face, and his feverish, restless ways when he had been calling on my lady not an hour before his exertions on Harry's behalf. And I told Miss Galindo how ill I had thought him.

"Yes," said she. "And that was the reason my lady had sent for Doctor Trevor. Well, it has fallen out admirably, for he looked well after that old donkey of a Prince, and saw that he made no blunders."

Now, "that old donkey of a Prince" meant the village surgeon, Mr. Prince, between whom and Miss Galindo there was war to the knife, as they often met in the cottages, when there was illness, and she had her queer, odd recipes, which he, with his grand pharmacopœia, held in infinite contempt, and the consequence of their squabbling had been, not long before this very time, that he had established a kind of rule, that into whatever sick room Miss Galindo was admitted there he refused to visit. But Miss Galindo's prescriptions and visits cost nothing, and were often backed by kitchen-physic; so, though it was true that she never came but she scolded about something or other, she was generally preferred as medical attendant to Mr. Prince.

"Yes, the old donkey is obliged to tolerate me, and be civil to me; for you see I got there first, and had possession as it were, and yet my lord the donkey likes the credit of attending the parson, and being in consultation with as grand a county-town doctor as Doctor Trevor. And Doctor Trevor is an old friend of mine" (she sighed a little, some time I may tell you why), "and treats me with infinite bowing and respect; so the donkey, not to be out of medical fashion, bows too, though it is sadly against the grain: and he pulled a face as if he had heard a slate-pencil gritting against a slate, when I told Doctor Trevor I meant to sit up with the two lads, for I call Mr. Gray little more than a lad, and a pretty conceited one, too, at times."

"But why should you sit up, Miss Galindo? It will tire you sadly."

"Not it. You see there is Gregson's mother to keep quiet; for she sits by her lad fretting and sobbing, so that I'm afraid of her disturbing Mr. Gray; and there's Mr. Gray to keep quiet, for Doctor Trevor says his life depends on it; and there is medicine to be given to the one, and bandages to be attended to for the other; and the wild horde of gipsy brothers and sisters to be turned out, and the father to be held in from showing too much gratitude to Mr. Gray, who can't bear it, and who is to do it all, but me? The only servant is old lame Betty, who once lived with me, and would leave me because she said I was always bothering—(there was a good deal of truth in what she said, I grant, but she need not have said it; a good deal of truth is best let alone at the bottom of the well), and what can she do,—deaf as ever she can be, too?"

So Miss Galindo went her ways; but not the less was she at her post in the morning; a little crosser and more silent than usual; but the first was not to be wondered at, and the last was rather a blessing.

Lady Ludlow had been extremely anxious both about Mr. Gray and Harry Gregson. Kind and thoughtful in any case of illness and accident, she always was; but somehow, in this, the feeling that she was not quite—what shall I call it?—"friends" seems hardly the right word to use as to the possible feelings between the Countess Ludlow and the little vagabond messenger, who had only once been in her presence,—that she had hardly parted from either as she could have wished to do, had death been near, made her more than usually anxious. Doctor Trevor was not to spare obtaining the best medical advice the county could afford; whatever he ordered in the way of diet was to be prepared under Mrs. Medicott's own eye, and sent down from the hall to the parsonage. As Mr. Horner had given somewhat similar directions, in the case of Harry Gregson at least, there was rather a multiplicity of counsellors and dainties, than any lack of them. And the second night Mr. Horner insisted on taking the superintendence of the nursing himself, and sat and snored by Harry's bedside, while the poor, exhausted mother lay by her child,—thinking that she watched him, but in reality fast asleep, as Miss Galindo

told us; for, distrusting any one's powers of watching and nursing but her own, she had stolen across the quiet village street in cloak and dressing-gown, and found Mr. Gray in vain trying to reach the cup of barley-water which Mr. Horner had placed just beyond his reach.

In consequence of Mr. Gray's illness, we had to have a strange curate to do duty; a man who dropped his h's and hurried through the service, and yet had time enough to stand in my lady's way, bowing to her as she came out of church, and so subservient in manner, that I believe that sooner than remain unnoticed by a countess, he would have preferred being scolded or even cuffed. Now I found out, that great as was my lady's liking and approval of respect, nay, even reverence, being paid to her as a person of quality,—a sort of tribute to her Order, which she had no individual right to remit, or, indeed, not to exact,—yet she, being personally simple, sincere, and holding herself in low esteem, could not endure any thing like the servility of Mr. Crosse, the temporary curate. She grew absolutely to loathe his perpetual smiling and bowing; his instant agreement with the slightest opinion she uttered; his veering round as she blew the wind. I have often said that my lady did not talk much, as she might have done had she lived among her equals. But we all loved her so much, that we had learnt to interpret all her little ways pretty truly; and I knew what particular turns of her head, and contractions of her delicate fingers meant, as well as if she had expressed herself in words. I began to suspect that my lady would be very thankful to have Mr. Gray about again, and doing his duty even with a conscientiousness that might amount to worrying himself, and fidgeting others; and, although Mr. Gray might hold her opinions in as little esteem as those of any simple gentlewoman, she was too sensible not to feel how much flavor there was in his conversation, compared to that of Mr. Crosse, who was only her tasteless echo.

As for Miss Galindo, she was utterly and entirely a partisan of Mr. Gray's, almost ever since she had begun to nurse him during his illness.

"You know I never set up for reasonableness, my lady. So I don't pretend to say, as I might do if I were a sensible woman and all that,—that I am convinced by Mr. Gray's

arguments of this thing or t'other. For one thing, you see, poor fellow! he has never been able to argue, or hardly indeed to speak, for Doctor Trevor has been very peremptory. So there's been no scope for arguing! But what I mean is this:—When I see a sick man thinking always of others, and never of himself; patient, humble—a trifle too much at times, for I've caught him praying to be forgiven for having neglected his work as a parish priest." (Miss Galindo was making horrible faces, to keep back tears, squeezing up her eyes in a way which would have amused me at any other time, but when she was speaking of Mr. Gray); "when I see a downright, good, religious man, I'm apt to think he's got hold of the right clue, and that I can do no better than hold on by the tails of his coat and shut my eyes, if we've got to go over doubtful places on our road to Heaven. So, my lady, you must excuse me, if, when he gets about again, he is all agog about a Sunday school, for if he is, I shall be agog too, and perhaps twice as bad as him, for, you see, I've a strong constitution compared to his, and strong ways of speaking and acting. And I tell your ladyship this now, because I think from your rank—and still more, if I may say so, for all your kindness to me long ago, down to this very day—you've a right to be first told of any thing about me. Change of opinion I can't exactly call it, for I don't see the good of schools and teaching A B C, any more than I did before, only Mr. Gray does, so I'm to shut my eyes, and leap over the ditch to the side of education. I've told Sally already, that if she does not mind her work, but stands gossiping with Nelly Mather, I'll teach her her lessons; and I've never caught her with old Nelly since."

I think Miss Galindo's desertion to Mr. Gray's opinions in this matter hurt my lady just a little bit; but she only said:

"Of course, if the parishioners wish for it, Mr. Gray must have his Sunday-school. I shall, in that case, withdraw my opposition. I am sorry I cannot change my opinions as easily as you."

My lady made herself smile as she said this. Miss Galindo saw it was an effort to do so. She thought a minute before she spoke again."

"Your ladyship has not seen Mr. Gray as intimately as I have done. That's one thing. But, as for the parishioners, they will follow

your ladyship's lead in every thing; so there is no chance of their wishing for a Sunday-school."

"I have never done any thing to make them follow my lead, as you call it, Miss Galindo," said my lady, gravely.

"Yes, you have," replied Miss Galindo, bluntly; and then, correcting herself, she said, "Begging your ladyship's pardon, you have. Your ancestors have lived here time out of mind, and have owned the land on which their forefathers have lived ever since there were forefathers. You yourself were born amongst them, and have been like a little queen to them ever since. I might say, and they've never known your ladyship do any thing but what was kind and gentle: but I'll leave fine speeches about your ladyship to Mr. Crosse. Only you, my lady, lead the thoughts of the parish; and save some of them a world of trouble, for they could never tell what was right if they had to think for themselves. It's all quite right that they should be guided by you, my lady,—if only you would agree with Mr. Gray."

"Well," said my lady, "I told him only the last day that he was here, that I would think about it. I do believe I could make up my mind on certain subjects better if I were left alone, than while being constantly talked to about them."

My lady said this in her usual soft tones; but the words had a tinge of impatience about them; indeed, she was more ruffled than I had often seen her; but, checking herself in an instant, she said:

"You don't know how Mr. Horner drags in this subject of education apropos of every thing. Not that he says much about it at any time: it is not his way. But he cannot let the thing alone."

"I know why, my lady," said Miss Galindo. "That poor lad, Harry Gregson, will never be able to earn his livelihood in any active way, but will be lame for life. Now, Mr. Horner thinks more of Harry than of any one else in the world,—except, perhaps, your ladyship." Was it not a pretty companionship for my lady? "And he has schemes of his own for teaching Harry; and if Mr. Gray could but have his school, Mr. Horner and he think Harry might be school-master, as your ladyship would not like to have him coming to you as steward's clerk. I wish your ladyship

would fall into this plan; Mr. Gray has it so at heart."

Miss Galindo looked wistfully at my lady as she said this. But my lady only said, drily, and rising at the same time, as if to end the conversation:

"So! Mr. Horner and Mr. Gray seem to have gone a long way in advance of my consent to their plans."

"There!" exclaimed Miss Galindo, as my lady left the room, with an apology for going away; "I have gone and done mischief with my long, stupid tongue. To be sure, people plan a long way a-head of to-day; more especially when one is a sick man, lying all through the weary day on the sofa."

"My lady will soon get over her annoyance," said I, as it were apologetically. I only stopped Miss Galindo's self-reproaches to draw down her wrath upon myself.

"And has not she a right to be annoyed with me, if she likes, and to keep annoyed as long as she likes? Am I complaining of her, that you need tell me that? Let me tell you, I have known my lady this thirty years; and if she were to take me by the shoulders, and turn me out of the house, I should only love her the more. So don't you think to come between us with any little mincing, peace-making speeches. I have been a mischief-making parrot, and I like her the better for being vexed with me. So good-by to you, Miss; and wait till you know Lady Ludlow as well as I do, before you next think of telling me she will soon get over her annoyance!" And off Miss Galindo went.

I could not exactly tell what I had done wrong; but I took care never again to come in between my lady and her by any remark about the one to the other; for I saw that some most powerful bond of grateful affection made Miss Galindo almost worship my lady.

Meanwhile, Harry Gregson was limping a little about in the village, still finding his home in Mr. Gray's house; for there he could most conveniently be kept under the doctor's eye, and receive the requisite care, and enjoy the requisite nourishment. As soon as he was a little better, he was to go to Mr. Horner's house; but, as the steward lived some distance out of the way, and was much from home, he had agreed to leave Harry at the house to which he had first been taken, until

he was quite strong again; and the more willingly, I suspect, from what I heard afterwards, because Mr. Gray gave up all the little strength of speaking which he had, to teaching Harry in the very manner which Mr. Horner most desired.

As for Gregson the father—he—wild man of the woods, poacher, tinker, jack-of-all-trades—was getting tamed by this kindness to his child. Hitherto his hand had been against every man, as every man's had been against him. That affair before the justice, which I told you about, when Mr. Gray and even my lady had interested themselves to get him released from unjust imprisonment, was the first bit of justice he had ever met with; it attracted him to the people, and attached him to the spot on which he had but squatted for a time. I am not sure if any of the villagers were grateful to him for remaining in their neighborhood, instead of decamping as he had often done before, for good reasons, doubtless of personal safety. Harry was only one out of a brood of ten or twelve children, some of whom had earned for themselves no good character in service: one, indeed, had been actually transported for a robbery committed in a distant part of the county; and the tale was yet told in the village of how Gregson the father came back from the trial in a state of wild rage, striding through the place, and uttering oaths of vengeance to himself, his great black eyes gleaming out of his matted hair, and his arms working by his side, and now and then tossed up in his impotent despair. As I heard the account, his wife followed him, child-laden and weeping. After this they had vanished from the country for a time, leaving their mud hovel locked up, and the door-key, as the neighbors said, buried in a hedge bank. The Gregsons had reappeared much about the same time that Mr. Gray came to Hanbury. He had either never heard of their evil character, or considered that it gave them all the more claims upon his Christian care, and the end of it was that this rough, untamed, strong giant of a heathen was loyal slave to the weak, hectic, nervous, self-distrustful person. Gregson had also a kind of grumbling respect for Mr. Horner; he did not quite like the steward's monopoly of his Harry; the mother submitted to that with a better grace, swallowing down her maternal jealousy in the prospect of her child's advance-

ment to a better and more respectable position than that in which his parents had struggled through life. But Mr. Horner, the steward, and Gregson, the poacher and squatter, had come into disagreeable contact too often in former days for them to be perfectly cordial at any future time. Even now, when there was no immediate cause for any thing but gratitude for his child's sake on Gregson's part, he would skulk out of Mr. Horner's way, if he saw him coming; and it took all Mr. Horner's natural reserve and acquired self-constraint to keep him from occasionally holding up his father's life as a warning to Harry. Now Gregson had nothing of this desire for avoidance with regard to Mr. Gray. The poacher had a feeling of physical protection towards the parson; while the latter had shown the moral courage, without which Gregson would never have respected him, in coming right down upon him more than once in the exercise of unlawful pursuits, and simply and boldly telling him he was doing wrong, with such a quiet reliance upon Gregson's better feeling, at the same time, that the strong poacher could not have lifted a finger against Mr. Gray, though it had been to save himself from being apprehended and taken to the lock-ups the very next hour. He had rather listened to the parson's bold words with an approving smile, much as Mr. Gulliver might have hearkened to a lecture from a Lilliputian. But when brave words passed into kind deeds, Gregson's heart mutely acknowledged its master and keeper. And the beauty of it all was, that Mr. Gray knew nothing of the good work he had done, or recognized himself as the instrument which God had employed. He thanked God, it is true, fervently and often, that the work was done; and loved the wild man for his rough gratitude; but it never occurred to the poor young clergyman, lying on his sick-bed, and praying, as Miss Galindo had told us he did, to be forgiven for his unprofitable life, to think of Gregson's reclaimed soul as any thing with which he had to do. It was now more than three months since Mr. Gray had been at Hanbury Court. During all that time he had been confined to his house, if not to his sick-bed, and he and my lady had never met since their last discussion and difference about Farmer Hale's barn.

This was not my dear lady's fault; no one could have been more attentive in every way

to the slightest possible want of either of the invalids, especially of Mr. Gray. And she would have gone to see him at his own house, as she sent him word, but that her foot had slipped upon the polished oak staircase, and her ankle had been sprained.

So we had never seen Mr. Gray since his illness, when one November day he was announced as wishing to speak to my lady. She was sitting in her room—the room in which I lay now pretty constantly—and I remember she looked startled when word was brought to her of Mr. Gray's being at the Hall.

She could not go to him, she was too lame for that, so she bade him be shown into where she sate.

"Such a day for him to go out!" she exclaimed, looking at the fog which had crept up to the windows, and was sapping the little remaining life in the brilliant Virginian creeper leaves that draped the house on the terrace side.

He came in white, trembling, his large eyes wild and dilated. He hastened up to Lady Ludlow's chair, and, to my surprise, took one of her hands and kissed it, without speaking, yet shaking all over.

"Mr. Gray!" said she quickly, with sharp, tremulous apprehension of some unknown evil. "What is it? There is something unusual about you."

"Something unusual has occurred," replied he, forcing his words to be calm, as with a great effort. "A gentleman came to my house, not half-an-hour ago—a Mr. Howard. He came straight from Vienna."

"My son!" said my dear lady, stretching out her arms in dumb questioning attitude.

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

But my poor lady could not echo the words. He was the last remaining child. And once she had been the joyful mother of nine.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

I AM ashamed to say what feeling became strongest in my mind about this time. Next to the sympathy we all of us felt for my dear lady in her deep sorrow, I mean. For that was greater and stronger than any thing else, however contradictory you may think it, when you hear all.

It might arise from my being so far from well at the time, which produced a diseased

mind in a diseased body; but I was absolutely jealous for my father's memory, when I saw how many signs of grief there were for my lord's death, he having done next to nothing for the village and parish, which now changed, as it were, its daily course of life, because his lordship died in a far-off city. My father had spent the best years of his manhood in laboring hard, body and soul, for the people amongst whom he lived. His family, of course, claimed the first place in his heart; he would have been good for little, even in the way of benevolence, if they had not. But close after them he cared for his parishoners and neighbors. And yet, when he died, though the church-bells tolled, and smote upon our hearts with hard, fresh pain at every beat; yet the sounds of every day life went on, close pressing around us,—carts and carriages, street-cries, distant barrel-organs (the kindly neighbors kept them out of our street), life, active, noisy life, pressed on our acute consciousness of Death, and jarred upon it as on a quick nerve.

And when we went to church,—my father's own church—though the pulpit cushions were black, and many of the congregation had put on some humble symbol of mourning, yet it did not alter the whole material aspect of the place. And yet what was Lord Ludlow's relation to Hanbury, compared to my father's work and place in—?

O! it was very wicked in me! I think if I had seen my lady,—if I had dared to ask to go to her, I should not have felt so miserable, so discontented. But she sate in her own room, hung with black, all, even over the shutters. She saw no light but that which was artificial; candles, lamps, and the like, for more than a month. Only Adams went near her. Mr. Gray was not admitted, though he called daily. Even Mrs. Medlicott did not see her for near a fortnight. The sight of my lady's griefs, or rather the recollection of it, made Mrs. Medlicott talk far more than was her wont. She told us, with many tears, and much gesticulation, even speaking German at times, when her English would not flow, that my lady sate there, a white figure in the middle of the darkened room; a shaded lamp near her, the light of which fell on an opened Bible,—the great family Bible. It was not opened at any chapter, nor consoling verse. It lay open at the page whereon was marked the births of her nine children.

Five had died in infancy,—sacrificed to the cruel system which forbade the mother to suckle her babies. Four had lived longer; Urian had been the first to die, Ughtred-Mortimer, Earl Ludlow, the last.

My lady did not cry, Mrs. Medicott said. She was quite composed; very still, very silent. She put aside every thing that savored of mere business; sent them to Mr. Horner for that. But she was proudly alive to every possible form which might do honor to the last of her race.

In those days, expresses were slow things; and forms still slower. Before my lady's directions could reach Vienna, my lord was buried. There was some talk (so Mrs. Medicott said) about taking the body up, and bringing him to Hanbury. But his executors,—connections on the Ludlow side,—demurred at this. If he were removed to England, he must be carried on to Scotland, and interred with his Monkshaven forefathers. My lady, deeply hurt, withdrew from the discussion before it degenerated to an unseemly contest. But all the more, for this understood mortification of my lady's, did the whole village and estate of Hanbury assume every outward sign of mourning. The church-bells tolled morning and evening. The church itself was draped in black inside. Hatchments were placed everywhere, where hatchments could be put. All the tenantry spoke in hushed voices for more than a week, scarcely daring to observe that all flesh, even that of an Earl Ludlow, and the last of the Hanburys, was but grass after all. The very Fighting Lion closed its front door, front shutters it had none, and those who needed drink stole in at the back, and were silent and maudlin over their cups, instead of riotous and noisy. Miss Galindo's eyes were swollen up with crying, and she told me, with a fresh burst of tears, that even humpbacked Sally had been found sobbing over her Bible, and using a pocket-handkerchief for the first time in her life; her aprons having hitherto stood her in the necessary stead, but not being sufficiently in accordance with etiquette, to be used when mourning over an earl's premature decease.

If it was in this way out of the Hall, "you might work it by the rule of three," as Miss Galindo used to say, and judge what it was in the Hall. We none of us spoke but in a whisper; we tried not to eat, and indeed the shock had been so really great, and we did

really care for my lady so much, that for some days we had but little appetite. But after that, I fear our sympathy grew weaker, while our flesh grew stronger. But we still spoke low, and our hearts ached whenever we thought of my lady sitting there alone in the darkened room, with the light ever falling on that one solemn page.

We wished,—oh how I wished that she would see Mr. Gray! But Adams said she thought my lady ought to have a bishop come to see her. Still no one had authority enough to send for one.

Mr. Horner all this time was suffering as much as any one. He was too faithful a servant of the great Hanbury family, although now the family had dwindled down to a fragile old lady, not to mourn acutely over its probable extinction. He had, besides, a deeper sympathy and reverence with, and for, my lady in all things, than probably he ever cared to show, for his manners were always measured and cold. He suffered from sorrow. He also suffered from wrong. My lord's executors kept writing to him continually. My lady refused to listen to mere business, saying she entrusted all to him. But the all was more complicated than I ever thoroughly understood. As far as I comprehended the case, it was something of this kind. There had been a mortgage raised on my lady's property of Hanbury, to enable my lord, her husband, to spend money in cultivating his Scotch estates, after some new fashion that required capital. As long as my lord, her son, lived, who was to succeed to both the estates after her death, this did not signify; so she had said and felt; and she had refused to take any steps to secure the repayment of capital, or even the payment of the interest of the mortgage from the possible representatives and possessors of the Scotch estates, to the possible owner of the Hanbury property; saying it ill became her to calculate on the contingency of her son's death.

But he had died, childless, unmarried. The heirs of both estates were, in the case of the Monkshaven property, an Edinburgh advocate, a far-away kinsman of my lord's: the Hanbury property would go to the descendants of a third son of the Squire Hanbury in the days of Queen Anne.

This complication of affairs was most grievous to Mr. Horner. He had always been opposed to the mortgage; had hated the pay-

ment of the interest, as obliging my lady to practice certain economies, which, though she took care to make them as personal as possible, he disliked as derogatory to the family. Poor Mr. Horner! He was so cold and hard in his manner, so curt and decisive in his speech, that I don't think we any of us did him justice. Miss Galindo was almost the first, at this time, to speak a kind word of him, or to take thought of him at all, any farther than to get out of his way when we saw him approaching.

"I don't think Mr. Horner is well," she said one day, about three weeks after we had heard of my lord's death. "He sits resting his head on his hand, and hardly hears me when I speak to him."

But I thought no more of it, as Miss Galindo did not name it again. My lady came amongst us once more. From elderly she had become old; a little, frail, old lady, in heavy black drapery, never speaking about or alluding to her great sorrow; quieter, gentler, paler than ever before; and her eyes dim with much weeping, never witnessed by mortal.

She had seen Mr. Gray at the expiration of the month of deep retirement. But I do not think that even to him she had said one word of her own particular individual sorrow. All mention of it seemed buried deep for evermore. One day Mr. Horner sent word that he was too much indisposed to attend to his usual business at the Hall; but he wrote down some directions and requests to Miss Galindo, saying that he would be at his office early the next morning. The next morning he was dead!

Miss Galindo told my lady. Miss Galindo herself cried plentifully, but my lady, although very much distressed, could not cry. It seemed a physical impossibility, as if she had shed all the tears in her power. Moreover, I almost think her wonder was far greater that she herself lived than that Mr. Horner died. It was almost natural that so faithful a servant should break his heart when the family he belonged to lost their stay, their heir, and their last hope.

Yes! Mr. Horner was a faithful servant. I do not think there are many so faithful now; but, perhaps, that is an old woman's fancy of mine. When his will came to be examined, it was discovered that soon after Harry Gregson's accident Mr. Horner had

left the few thousands (three, I think) of which he was possessed, in trust for Harry's benefit, desiring his executors to see that the lad was well educated in certain things, for which Mr. Horner had thought that he had shown especial aptitude; and there was a kind of implied apology to my lady in one sentence, where he stated that Harry's lameness would prevent his being ever able to gain his living by the exercise of any mere bodily faculties, "as had been wished by a lady whose wishes he, the testator, was bound to regard."

But there was a codicil to the will, dated since Lord Ludlow's death—feebly written by Mr. Horner himself, as if in preparation only for some more formal manner of bequest; or, perhaps, only as a mere temporary arrangement till he could see a lawyer, and have a fresh will made. In this he revoked his previous bequest to Harry Gregson. He only left two hundred pounds to Mr. Gray to be used, as that gentleman thought best, for Henry Gregson's benefit. With this one exception, he bequeathed all the rest of his savings to my lady, with a hope that they might form a nest-egg, as it were, towards the paying off of the mortgage which had been such a grief to him during his life. I may not repeat all this in lawyer's phrase; I heard it through Miss Galindo, and she might make mistakes. Though, indeed, she was very clear-headed, and soon earned the respect of Mr. Smithson, my lady's lawyer from Warwick. Mr. Smithson knew Miss Galindo a little before, both personally and by reputation; but I don't think he was prepared to find her installed as steward's clerk, and, at first, he was inclined to treat her, in that capacity, with polite contempt. But Miss Galindo was both a lady and a spirited, sensible woman, and she could put aside her self-indulgence in eccentricity of speech and manner whenever she chose. Nay more; she was usually so talkative, that if she had not been amusing and warm-hearted, one might have thought her wearisome occasionally. But, to meet Mr. Smithson, she came out daily in her Sunday gown; she said no more than was required in answer to his questions; her books and papers were in thorough order and methodically kept; her statements of matters-of-fact accurate, and to be relied on. She was amusingly conscious of her victory over his contempt of a woman-clerk and his

pre-conceived opinion of her, unpractical eccentricity.

"Let me alone," said she, one day when she came in to sit awhile with me. "That man is a good man—a sensible man—and, I have no doubt, he is a good lawyer; but he can't fathom women yet. I make no doubt he'll go back to Warwick, and never give credit again to those people who made him think me half-cracked to begin with. O, my dear, he did! He showed it twenty times worse than my poor dear master ever did. It was a form to be gone through to please my lady, and, for her sake, he would hear my statements and see my books. It was keeping a woman out of harm's way at any rate to let her fancy herself useful. I read the man. And, I am thankful to say, he cannot read me. At least only one side of me. When I see an end to be gained, I can behave myself accordingly. Here was a man who thought that a woman in a black silk gown was a respectable, orderly kind of person; and I was a woman in a black silk gown. He believed that a woman could not write straight lines, and required a man to tell her that two and two made four. I was not above ruling my books, and had Cocker a little more at my fingers' ends than he had. But my greatest triumph has been holding my tongue. He would have thought nothing of my books, or my sums, or my black silk gown, if I had spoken unasked. So I have buried more sense in my bosom these ten days than ever I have uttered in the whole course of my life before. I have been so curt, so abrupt, so abominably dull, that I'll answer for it he thinks me worthy to be a man. But I must go back to him, my dear, so good-by to conversation and you."

But though Mr. Smithson might be satisfied with Miss Galindo, I am afraid she was the only part of the affair with which he was content. Every thing else went wrong. I could not say who told me so—but the conviction of this seemed to pervade the house. I never knew how much we had all looked up to the silent, gruff Mr. Horner for decisions until he was gone. My lady herself was a pretty good woman of business, as women of business go. Her father, seeing that she would be the heiress of the Hanbury property, had given her a training which was thought unusual in those days, and she liked to feel herself queen regnant, and to have to

decide in all cases between herself and her tenantry. But, perhaps, Mr. Horner would have done it more wisely; not but what she always attended to him at last. She would begin by saying pretty clearly and promptly what she would have done, and what she would not have done. If Mr. Horner approved of it, he bowed, and set about obeying her directly; if he disapproved of it, he bowed, and lingered so long before he obeyed her, that she forced his opinion out of him with her "Well, Mr. Horner! and what have you to say against it?" For she always understood his silence as well as if he had spoken. But the estate was pressed for ready money, and Mr. Horner had grown gloomy and languid since the death of his wife, and even his own personal affairs were not in the order in which they had been a year or two before, for his old clerk had gradually become superannuated, or, at any rate, unable by the superfluity of his own energy and wit to supply the spirit that was wanting in Mr. Horner.

Day after day Mr. Smithson seemed to grow more fidgety, more annoyed at the state of affairs. Like every one else employed by Lady Ludlow, as far as I could learn, he had an hereditary tie to the Hanbury family. As long as the Smithsons had been lawyers, they had been lawyers to the Hanburys; always coming in on all great family occasions, and better able to understand the characters, and connect the links of what had once been a large and scattered family, than any individual thereof had ever been.

As long as a man was at the head of the Hanburys, the lawyers had simply acted as servants, and had only given their advice when it was required. But they had assumed a different position on the memorable occasion of the mortgage: they had remonstrated against it. My lady had resented this remonstrance, and a slight, unspoken coolness had existed between her and the father of this Mr. Smithson ever since.

I was very sorry for my lady. Mr. Smithson was inclined to blame Mr. Horner for the disorderly state in which he found some of the outlying farms, and for the deficiencies in the annual payment of rents. Mr. Smithson had too much good feeling to put this blame into words; but my lady's quick instinct led her to reply to a thought, the exist-

ence of which she perceived; and she quietly told the truth, and explained how she had interfered repeatedly to prevent Mr. Horner from taking certain desirable steps, which were discordant to her hereditary sense of right and wrong between landlord and tenant. She also spoke of the want of ready money as a misfortune that could be remedied by more economical personal expenditure on her own part; by which individual saving it was possible that a reduction of fifty pounds a year might have been accomplished. But as soon as Mr. Smithson touched on larger economies, such as either affected the welfare of others, or the honor and standing of the great House of Hanbury, she was inflexible. Her establishment consisted of somewhere about forty servants, of whom nearly as many as twenty were unable to perform their work properly, and yet would have been hurt if they had been dismissed; so they had the credit of fulfilling duties, while my lady paid and kept their substitutes. Mr. Smithson made a calculation, and would have saved some hundreds a-year by pensioning these old servants off. But my lady would not hear of it. Then, again, I know privately that he urged her to allow some of us to return to our homes. Bitterly we should have regretted the separation from Lady Ludlow; but we would have gone back gladly, had we known at the time that her circumstances required it. But she would not listen to the proposal for a moment.

"If I cannot act justly towards every one, I will give up a plan which has been a source of much satisfaction; at least, I will not carry it out to such an extent in future. But to these young ladies, who do me the favor to live with me at present, I stand pledged. I cannot go back from my word, Mr. Smithson. We had better talk no more of this."

As she spoke, she entered the room where I lay. She and Mr. Smithson were coming for some papers contained in the bureau. They did not know I was there, and Mr. Smithson started a little when he saw me, as he must have been aware that I had overheard something. But my lady did not change a muscle of her face. All the world might overhear her kind, just, pure sayings, and she had no fear of their misconstruction. She came up to me, and kissed me on the forehead, and then went to search for the required papers.

"I rode over the Conington farms yesterday, my lady. I must say I was quite grieved to see the condition they are in; all the land that is not waste is utterly exhausted with working successive white crops. Not a pinch of manure laid on the ground for years. I must say that a greater contrast could never have been presented than that between Harding's farm and the next fields—fences in perfect order, rotation crops, sheep eating down the turnips on the waste lands—every thing that could be desired."

"Whose farm is that?" asked my lady.

"Why, I am sorry to say, it was on none of your ladyship's that I saw such good methods adopted. I hoped it was. I stopped my horse to inquire. A queer-looking man, sitting on his horse like a tailor, watching his men with a couple of the sharpest eyes I ever saw, and dropping his h's at every word, answered my question, and told me it was his. I could not go on asking him who he was; but I fell into conversation with him, and I gathered that he had earned some money in trade in Birmingham, and had bought the estate (five hundred acres, I think he said,) on which he was born, and now was setting himself to cultivate it in downright earnest, going to Holkham and Woburn, and half the country over, to get himself up on the subject."

"It would be Brookes, that dissenting baker from Birmingham," said my lady, in her most icy tone. "Mr. Smithson, I am sorry I have been detaining you so long, but I think these are the letters you wished to see."

If her ladyship thought by this speech to quench Mr. Smithson she was mistaken. Mr. Smithson just looked at the letters, and went on with the old subject.

"Now, my lady, it struck me that if you had such a man to take poor Horner's place, he would work the rents and the land round most satisfactorily. I should not despair of inducing this very man to undertake the work. I should not mind speaking to him myself on the subject, for we got capital friends over a snack of luncheon that he asked me to share with him."

Lady Ludlow fixed her eyes on Mr. Smithson as he spoke, and never took them off his face until he had ended. She was silent a minute before she spoke.

"You are very good, Mr. Smithson, but I

need not trouble you with any such arrangements. I am going to write this afternoon to Captain James, a friend of one of my sons, who has, I hear, been severely wounded at Trafalgar, to request him to honor me by accepting Mr. Horner's situation."

"A Captain James! A captain in the navy! going to manage your ladyship's estate!"

"If he will be so kind. I shall esteem it a condescension on his part; but I hear that he will have to resign his profession, his state of health is so bad, and a country life is especially prescribed for him. I am in some hopes of tempting him here, as I learn he has but little to depend on if he gives up his profession."

"A Captain James; an invalid captain!"

"You think I am asking too great a favor," continued my lady. (I never could tell how far it was simplicity, or how far a kind of innocent malice, that made her misinterpret Mr. Smithson's words and looks as she did.) "But he is not a post-captain, only a commander, and his pension will be but small. I may be able, by offering him country air and a healthy occupation, to restore him to health."

"Occupation! My lady, may I ask how a sailor is to manage land? Why, your tenants will laugh him to scorn."

"My tenants, I trust, will not behave so ill as to laugh at any one I choose to set over them. Captain James has had experience in managing men. He has remarkable practical talents, and great common sense, as I hear from every one. But, whatever he may be, the affair rests between him and myself. I can only say I shall esteem myself fortunate if he comes."

There was no more to be said, after my lady spoke in this manner. I had heard her mention Captain James before, as a middy who had been very kind to her son Urian. I thought I remembered then, that she had mentioned that his family circumstances were not very prosperous. But, I confess, that little as I knew of the management of land, I quite sided with Mr. Smithson. He, silently prohibited from again speaking to my lady on the subject, opened his mind to Miss Galindo, from whom I was pretty sure to hear all the opinions and news of the household and village. She had taken a great fancy to me, because she said I talked so

agreeably. I believe it was because I listened so well.

"Well, have you heard the news," she began, "about this Captain James? A sailor,—with a wooden leg, I have no doubt. What would the poor, dear deceased master have said to it, if he had known who was to be his successor? My dear, I have often thought of the postman's bringing me a letter as one of the pleasures I shall miss heaven. But, really, I think Mr. Horner may be thankful he has got out of the reach of news; or else he would hear of Mr. Smithson's having made up to the Birmingham baker, and of this one-legged Captain, coming to dot-and-go-one over the estate. I suppose he will look after the laborers through a spy-glass. I only hope he won't stick in the mud with his wooden leg; for I, for one, won't help him out. Yes, I would," said she, correcting herself; "I would, for my lady's sake."

"But are you sure he has a wooden leg?" asked I. "I heard Lady Ludlow tell Mr. Smithson about him, and she only spoke of him as wounded."

"Well, sailors are almost always wounded in the leg. Look at Greenwich Hospital! I should say there were twenty one-legged pensioners to one without an arm there. But say he has got half-a-dozen legs, what is he to do with managing land? I shall think him very impudent if he comes, taking advantage of my lady's kind heart."

However, come he did. In a month from that time the carriage was sent to meet Captain James; just as three years before it had been sent to meet me. His coming had been so much talked about that we were all as curious as possible to see him, and to know how so unusual an experiment, as it seemed to us, would answer. But, before I tell you anything about our new agent, I must speak of something quite as interesting, and I really think quite as important. And this was my lady's making friends with Harry Gregson. I do believe she did it for Mr. Horner's sake; but of course I can only conjecture why my lady did any thing. But I heard one day from Mary Legard that my lady had sent for Harry to come and see her, if he was well enough to walk so far; and the next day he was shown into the room he had been in once before under such unlucky circumstances.

The lad looked pale enough, as he stood

propping himself on his crutch, and the instant my lady saw him she bade John Footman place a stool for him to sit down upon while she spoke to him. It might be his paleness that gave his whole face a more refined and gentle look; but I suspect it was that the boy was apt to take impressions, and that Mr. Horner's grave, dignified ways, Mr. Gray's tender and quiet manners, had altered him; and then the thoughts of illness and death seem to turn many of us into gentlemen and gentlewomen, as long as such thoughts are in our minds. We cannot speak loudly or angrily at such times; we are not apt to be eager about mere worldly things, for our very awe at our quickened sense of the nearness of the invisible world, makes us calm and serene about the petty trifles of to-day. At least, I know that was the explanation Mr. Gray once gave me of what we all thought the great improvement in Harry Gregson's way of behaving.

My lady hesitated so long about what she had best say, that Harry grew a little frightened at her silence. A few months ago it would have surprised me more than it did now; but since my lord her son's death, she had seemed altered in many ways,—more uncertain and distrustful of herself, as it were.

At last she said, and I think the tears were in her eyes: "My poor little fellow, you have had a narrow escape with your life since I saw you last."

To this there was nothing to be said but "Yes;" and again there was silence.

"And you have lost a good, kind friend, in Mr. Horner."

The boy's lips worked, and I think he said, "Please, don't." But I can't be sure; at any rate, my lady went on:

"And so have I,—a good, kind friend, he was to both of us; and to you he wished to show his kindness in even a more generous way than he has done. Mr. Gray, has told you about his legacy to you, has he not?"

There was no sign of eager joy on the lad's face, as if he realized the power and pleasure of having what to him must have seemed like a fortune.

"Mr. Gray said as how he left me a matter of money."

"Yes he has left you two hundred pounds."

"But I would rather have had him alive,

my lady," he broke out, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"My lad, I believe you. We would rather have had our dead alive, would we not? and there is nothing in money that can comfort us of their loss. But you know—Mr. Gray has told you—who has appointed us all our times to die. Mr. Horner was a good, just man; and done well and kindly, both by me and you. You perhaps do not know" (and now I understood what my lady had been making up her mind to say to Harry, all the time she was hesitating how to begin) "that Mr. Horner, at one time, meant to leave you a great deal more; probably all he had, with the exception of a legacy to his old clerk, Morrison. But he knew that this estate—on which my forefathers had lived for six hundred years—was in debt, and that I had no immediate chance of paying off this debt; and yet he felt that it was a very sad thing for an old property like this to belong in part to those other men, who had lent the money. You understand me, I think, my little man?" said she, questioning Harry's face.

He had left off crying, and was trying to understand with all his might and main; and I think he had got a pretty good general idea of the state of affairs; though probably he was puzzled by the term "the estate being in debt." But he was sufficiently interested to want my lady to go on; and he nodded his head at her, to signify this to her.

"So Mr. Horner took the money which he once meant to be yours, and has left the greater part of it to me, with the intention of helping me to pay off this debt I have told you about. It will go a long way, and I shall try hard to save the rest, and then I shall die happy in leaving the land free from debt." She paused. "But I shall not die happy in thinking of you. I do not know if having money, or even having a great estate and much honor, is a good thing for any of us. But God sees fit that some of us should be called to this condition, and it is our duty then to stand by our posts, like brave soldiers. Now, Mr. Horner intended you to have this money first. I shall only call it borrowing it from you, Harry Gregson, if I take it and use it to pay off the debt. I shall pay Mr. Gray interest on this money, because he is to stand as your guardian, as it were, till you come of age; and he must fix what ought to be done

with it, so as to fit you for spending the principal rightly when the estate can repay it you. I suppose, now, it will be right for you to be educated. That will be another snare that will come with your money. But have courage, Harry. Both education and money may be used rightly, if we only pray against the temptations they bring with them."

Harry could make no answer, though I am sure he understood it all. My lady wanted to get him to talk to her a little, by way of becoming acquainted with what was passing in his mind; and she asked him what he would like to have done with his money, if he could have part of it now? To such a simple question, involving no talk about feelings, his answer came readily enough.

"Build a cottage for father with stairs in it, and give Mr. Gray a school-house. Oh, father does so want Mr. Gray for to have his wish. Father saw all the stones lying quarried and hewn on Farmer Hale's land; Mr. Gray had paid for them all himself. And father said he would work night and day, and little Tommy should carry mortar, if the parson would let him, sooner than that he should be fretted and frabbed as he was, with no one giving him a helping hand or a kind word."

Harry knew nothing of my lady's part in the affair; that was very clear. My lady kept silence.

"If I might have a piece of my money, I would buy land from Mr. Brookes, he has got a bit to sell just at the corner of Hendon Lane, and I would give it to Mr. Gray; and, perhaps, if your ladyship thinks I may be learned again, I might grow up into the school-master."

"You are a good boy," said my lady. "But there are more things to be thought of in carrying out such a plan than you are aware of. However, it shall be tried."

"The school, my lady?" I exclaimed, almost thinking she did not know what she was saying.

"Yes, the school. For Mr. Horner's sake, for Mr. Gray's sake, and last, not least, for this lad's sake, I will give the new plan a trial. Ask Mr. Gray to come up to me this afternoon about the land he wants. He need not go to a dissenter for it. And tell your father he shall have a good share in the building of it, and Tommy shall carry the mortar."

"And I may be schoolmaster?" asked Harry, eagerly.

"We'll see about that," said my lady, amused. "It will be some time before that plan comes to pass, my little fellow."

And now to return to Captain James. My first account of him was from Miss Galindo.

"He's not above thirty; and I must just pack up my pens and my paper, and be off; for it would be the height of impropriety for me to be staying here as his clerk. It was all very well in the old master's days. But here am I, not fifty till next May, and this young, unmarried man, who is not even a widower! Oh, there would be no end of gossip. Besides, he looks as askance at me as I do at him. My black silk gown had no effect. He's afraid I shall marry him. But I won't; he may feel himself quite safe from that. And Mr. Smithson has been recommending a clerk to my lady. She would far rather keep me on; but I can't stop. I really could not think it proper."

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

"Oh, nothing particular. Short, and brown, and sunburnt. I did not think it became me to look at him. Well, now for the night-caps. I should have grudged any one else doing them, for I have got such a pretty pattern?"

But, when it came to Miss Galindo's leaving, there was a great misunderstanding between her and my lady. Miss Galindo had imagined that my lady had asked her as a favor to copy the letters, and enter the accounts, and had agreed to do the work without a notion of being paid for so doing. She had now and then grieved over a very profitable order for needlework passing out of her hands without her having time to do it, because of her occupation at the Hall; but she had never hinted this to my lady, but gone on cheerfully at her writing as long as her clerkship was required. My lady was annoyed that she had not made her intention of paying Miss Galindo more clear in the first conversation she had had with her; but I suppose that she had been too delicate to be very explicit with regard to money matters; and now Miss Galindo was quite hurt at my lady's wanting to pay her for what she had done in such right-down good-will.

"No," Miss Galindo said; "my own dear lady, you may be as angry with me as you

like, but don't offer me money. I think of six-and-twenty years ago, and poor Arthur, and as you were to me then! Besides, I wanted money—I don't disguise it—for a particular purpose; and when I found that (God bless you for asking me!) I could do you a service, I turned it over in my mind and I gave up one plan and took up another, and it's all settled now. Bessy is to leave school and come and live with me. Don't, please, offer me money again. You don't know how glad I have been to do any thing for you. Have not I, Margaret Dawson? Did you not hear me say, one day, I would cut off my hand for my lady; for am I a stock or a stone, that I should forget kindness? Oh, I have been so glad to work for

you. And now Bessy is coming here; and no one knows any thing about her, as if she had done any thing wrong, poor child."

"Dear Miss Galindo," replied my lady, "I will never ask you to take money again. Only I thought it was quite understood between us. And, you know you have taken money for a set of morning wrappers, before now."

"Yes, my lady; but that was not confidential. Now I was so proud to have something to do for you confidentially."

"But who is Bessy?" asked my lady. "I do not understand who she is, or why she is to come and live with you. Dear Miss Galindo, you must honor me by being confidential with me in your turn!"

DISPATCHES FROM THE ST. GEORGE'S CHESS CLUB.—No. III.—I learned the termination of the match between Messrs. Morphy and Lowenthal just too late to insert the result in your columns. As I had anticipated, it was a hollow thing—nine games to three, and two drawn. Mr. Morphy, however, though he won his match, lost the bet which I spoke of in my last as, "un peu fort." His antagonist won a game, on taking the field again after a short indisposition.

I had thought of giving you a short review of the games when concluded; but they have disappointed me. They do not do justice to the powers of either party. Mr. Lowenthal is known to be, from temperament, a bad match-player, but did on this occasion worse than could have been apprehended. He lost two games which were easily won, from a perfectly simple position; and as often refused to draw a game which he subsequently threw away. Mr. Morphy, on the other hand, played sundry games below his strength. His games with Mr. Bird (whom he defeated more easily than I could have deemed possible) were of a far higher order. My belief is, that Staunton and Anderson are the only two men who can compete with Mr. Morphy. Of his coming match with the former you shall have full information. That he may encounter the latter is more to be wished for than expected.

St. George's Chess Club, Friday, August 27.
—The Press.

MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR FROM THE POTATO.—It is not known to how great an extent the manufacture of sugar from fecula, or starch,

is carried on in France. The mode of proceeding is to have large leaden boilers, in which is one ton of water heated to a boiling point, and to this twenty-two pounds of sulphuric acid at sixty degrees, diluted with twice its weight of water, is added. The vessel is provided with a wooden cover coated with copper, which has a small opening to allow the liquor to be stirred with a wooden rod. After the liquor begins to boil eight hundred weight of starch flour is gradually sifted into it, care being taken to prevent the formation of lumps and to have the boiling uniform. In some of the factories the starch is first mixed with water, and placed in a vessel above the water, and made to flow into the boiling acid in a uniform stream by a tube. The boiling is continued about fifteen minutes after the starch is put in, and then the fire is so regulated that the liquor ceases to boil, after which twenty-two pounds of chalk are added to neutralize the free acid; this, however, being put in very slowly, on account of the violent evolution of the carbonic acid set free by the new combination, which produces sulphate of lime. The liquor is then strained through coarsely pulverized bones spread on straining-cloths. The filtered liquor is gradually brought into flat pans and evaporated till it is reduced to half its volume, when it is a second time boiled with charcoal and bullocks' blood, and then refined and filtered.—*National Intelligencer.*

FRIENDSHIP.—There is nothing so great that I fear to do for my friend, nor nothing so small that I will disdain to do for him.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

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From Chambers's Journal.

THE HAIR-HARVEST.

PHYSIOLOGICALLY considered, there appears to be no essential difference between the hair and the skin, between the skin and horn, between horn and scales, and between scales and feathers; all five are mere modifications of the same thing. Hence, the most charming of our lady-readers, when she disentangles her luxuriant tresses with a comb, is acting on the same chemically composed material with the same chemically composed instrument as the bird when he sets right some erring feather with his beak. Anatomically viewed, again, the hair is made up of a vast number of thorny laminæ filled with a pigment which shows through its cortical integument in the same manner as it does through the epidermis of a negro. The bulb or root of the hair rests upon a reticulated bed of capillary vessels, into which the coloring matter passes directly from the blood, while the horny matter is secreted by the capillaries themselves. This coloring matter has been analyzed by Liebig, from whose researches it would appear that it is to an excess of carbon and a deficiency of sulphur and oxygen on the one hand, and to a deficiency of carbon and an excess of sulphur and oxygen on the other, that the blue-black locks of the North American squaw, and the beautiful golden tresses of the Saxon girl respectively owe their jetty aspect and their brightness. An oxide of iron has also been traced by Vauquelin in the pigment-cells of the dark-haired races.

The astounding labor of counting the number of hairs in heads of four different colors—blonde, brown, black, and red—has been successfully performed by another German *savant*, who thus tabularises the results: blonde, 140,400; brown, 109,440; black, 102,962; red, 88,740. The scalps he found to be pretty nearly equal in weight; and the deficiency in the number of hairs in the brown, the black, and the red heads to be fully counterbalanced by a corresponding increase of bulk in the individual fibres.

Few things in nature are less perishable than hair after its removal from the body. Hair shut up for a thousand years has been taken out of Egyptian tombs in perfect preservation, as regards both strength and color. It is not, however, so durable during life. "It is generally stated," says Mr. Hassell, "as

an undoubted fact, that the hair may become white, or turn colorless, under the influence of strong depressing mental emotions, in the course of a single night. This singular change, if it does ever occur in the short space of time referred to, can only be the result of the transmission of a fluid possessing strong bleaching properties along the entire length of the hair, and which is secreted in certain peculiar states of the mind."

Amongst other ethnological peculiarities, the color and the texture of the hair are determined by race; latitude and climate affect them little, if at all. Dr. Prichard, our best authority on this subject, apportions the greater part of the habitable globe to the melanic or dark-haired races. The xanthocomic, or fair-haired tribes, are almost, on the other hand, confined to the limits of Europe, and, within those limits, to certain degrees of north latitude.

The forty-eighth parallel, which cuts off England, Belgium, Northern Germany, Scandinavia, and the greater part of Russia from the ethnological map of Europe, may be taken, with considerable accuracy, as the great southern boundary of the fair-haired races. Between the forty-eighth and the forty-fifth parallels, again, there is a sort of debatable land of brown hair, in which France, Switzerland, part of Piedmont, Bohemia, and part of Austria Proper, nearly the whole of Hungary, and the Asiatic dominions of the czar to the north of the Circassian line, fall to be included. Spain, Naples, and Turkey are the seats of the genuine dark-haired races; "so that, in fact, taking Europe broadly from north to south, its peoples present in the color of their hair a perfect gradation—the light-flaxen of the colder latitudes deepening by imperceptible degrees into the blue-black of the Mediterranean shores." * Not but there are many exceptions to these limits. The Celtic and Cymric races of Ireland and the Welsh and Scottish mountains, have black hair in spite of their northern position. The Normans, too, in whatever proportion they were originally dark, now rank decidedly amongst the black-haired races; while the Venetian *donne* still glory in those luxuriant locks whose golden beauty has been immortalized

* *Quarterly Review*, No. 184, p. 307: an interesting and comprehensive article to which we are indebted for some of the facts here brought forward.

by Titian. Nevertheless, the general rule, as we shall presently see, is sufficiently exact to have a practical significance in the eyes of the hair-dealer.

Few persons are probably aware of the extent to which the traffic in human hair is carried. It has been ascertained that the London hair-merchants alone import annually no less a quantity than five tons. But the market would be very inadequately supplied if dependence were solely placed on chance clippings. There must be a regular harvest, which can be looked forward to at a particular time; and as there are different markets for black tea and green tea, for pale brandy and brown brandy, so is there a light-haired market distinct from the dark-haired.

The light hair is exclusively a German product. It is collected by the agents of a Dutch company who visit England yearly for orders. Until about fifty years ago, light hair was esteemed above all others. One peculiar golden tint was so supremely prized, that dealers only produced it to favorite customers, to whom it was sold at eight shillings an ounce, or nearly double the price of silver. The rich and silk-like texture of this treasured article had its attractions for poets and artists as well as traders. "Shakspeare especially," says one of our authorities, "seems to have delighted in golden hair. 'Her sunny locks hung on her temples like the golden fleece,' so Bassanio describes Portia in the *Merchant of Venice*. Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia says of Sylvia and herself: 'Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.'

Black hair he only mentions twice throughout his entire plays, clearly showing that he imagined light hair to be the peculiar attribute of soft and delicate woman. A similar partiality for this color, touched with the sun, runs, however, through the great majority of the poets, old Homer himself for one; and the best painters have seized, with the same instinct, upon golden tresses. A walk through any gallery of old masters will instantly settle this point. There is not a single female head in the National Gallery, beginning with those glorious studies of heads, the highest ideal of female beauty by such an idealist as Correggio, and ending with the full-blown blondes of the prodigal Rubens—there is not a single black-haired female head amongst them."

But all this has passed away: the dark-

brown hair of France now rules the market. It is the opinion of those who have the best right to offer one on such a subject, that the color of the hair of the English people has deepened in tint within the last fifty years, and that this change is owing to the more frequent intermarriages, since the Napoleonic wars, with nations nearer to the sunny south. Whether dark or light, however, the hair purchased by the dealer is so closely scrutinized, that he can discriminate between the German and the French article by the smell alone; nay, he even claims the power, "when his nose is in," of distinguishing accurately between the English, the Welsh, the Irish, and the Scotch commodities. The French dealers are said to be able to detect the difference between the hair "raised" in two districts of Central France, not many miles apart, by tokens so slight as would baffle the most learned of our naturalists and physiologists.

Black hair is imported chiefly from Brittany and the south of France, where it is annually collected by the agents of a few wholesale Parisian houses. The average crops—we scorn the imputation of a pun—harvested by these firms, amount yearly to upwards of two hundred thousand pounds' weight. The price paid for each head of hair ranges from one to five francs, according to its weight and beauty; the former seldom rising above a pound, and seldom falling below twelve ounces. The itinerant dealers are always provided with an extensive assortment of ribbons, silks, laces, haberdashery, and cheap jewellery of various kinds, with which they make their purchases as frequently as with money. They attend all the fairs and merry-makings within their circuit, and the singularity and novelty of their operations are wont to strike travellers more than any thing else which meets their notice. "In various parts of the motley crowd," says one who had stopped to stare his fill at one of the Breton fairs, "there were three or four different purchasers of this commodity, who travel the country for the purpose of attending the fairs and buying the tresses of the peasant-girls," who seem, indeed, to bring the article to market as regularly as peas or cabbages. "They have particularly fine hair," he continues, "and frequently in the greatest abundance. I should have thought that female vanity would have effectually prevented such a traffic as this being carried to any extent.

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But there seemed to be no difficulty in finding possessors of beautiful heads of hair perfectly willing to sell. We saw several girls sheared, one after the other, like sheep, and as many more standing ready for the shears, with their caps in their hands, and their long hair combed out and hanging down to their waists. Some of the operators were men, and some women. By the side of the dealer was placed a large basket, into which every successive crop of hair, tied up into a wisp by itself, was thrown.* As far as personal beauty is concerned, the girls do not lose much by losing their hair; for it is the fashion in Brittany to wear a close cap, which entirely prevents any part of the *chevelure* from being seen, and of course as totally conceals the want of it. The hair thus obtained is transmitted to the wholesale houses, by whom it is dressed, sorted, and sold to the hair-workers in the chief towns, at about ten francs per pound. The portion of the crop most suitable for perukes is purchased by a particular class of persons, by whom it is cleaned, curled, prepared to a certain stage, and sold to the perukeiers at a greatly advanced price—it may be forty, or it may be eighty francs per pound. Choice heads of hair, like choice old pictures, or choice old china, have, however, no limit to the price they may occasionally command.

The peruke itself is at least as old as the Pharaohs. A wig found in the temple of Isis at Thebes, is one of the Egyptian trophies of our national Museum. Nor, to judge from the bewigged busts and statues of the Vatican, would this triumph of the tonsor's art seem to have been unknown to the luxurious Romans of the Empire. But before tracing its after-history, we may turn aside a little to glance at the coiffures of generations somewhat less sophisticated than those which anticipated the greatest glory of the reign of the Grand Monarque.

The Assyrians, as might have been expected from the eloquent denunciations of the Hebrew prophets, were dandies of the first-water. A single glance at the engravings in Mr. Layard's volumes will show how exquisite were the bossings, the platings, and the curlings which they lavished on their hair and beards, and how unmistakeably they "exceeded in dyed attire upon their heads." The Greek's innate love of beauty saved him from such ostentatious devices. The Greek lady

allowed her hair to fall from the forehead in a graceful sweep round that part of the cheek where it melts into the neck, gathering it up behind into a bow-like ornament called the *χρύμβος*. A somewhat similar fashion prevailed amongst the men; but their gods they distinguished by characteristic variations of the coiffure. "Thus the hair of the Phidian Jove in the Vatican, which rises in spouts as it were from the forehead, and then falls in wavy curls, is like the mane of the lion, most majestic and imperial in appearance. The crisp curls of Hercules, again, remind us of the short locks between the horns of the indomitable bull; whilst the hair of Neptune falls down wet and dank like his own sea-weed. The beautiful flowing locks of Apollo, full and free, represent perpetual youth; and the gentle, vagrant, bewitching tresses of Venus, denote most clearly her peculiar characteristics and claims as a divinity of Olympus."

The hair of the Roman men was worn short and crisp until the decadence of the Empire, when Commodus set the fashion of wearing it long, and powdering it with gold or mica dust. In the provinces, it was worn long by all but slaves at least as early as the time of Cæsar. The head-dress of the Roman women was only exceeded in elaborate absurdity by that of the queen, Marie Antoinette, who invented a coiffure in which were represented "hills and enamelled meadows"—we translate the description for the edification of our lady-readers—"silvery rills and foaming torrents, the well-trimmed garden and the English park!" Long hair continued to be the fashion throughout the middle ages, in spite of the denunciations of the clergy. Serlo, a Norman prelate of the reign of Henry II, seems, however, to have been wiser in his generation than the rest of his brethren. He could act as well as talk. Having on one occasion brought the king and his court to a due sense of the iniquity of wearing long locks, the crafty churchman secured his victory on the spot by pulling a pair of shears out of his sleeve, and clearing the royal head in a twinkling. Still, the "abomination" continued so much the mode, that, in the reign of Richard II., the hair of both sexes was confined over the brow by a fillet. Accident at length effected what threats of excommunication had failed to bring about. A wound in the head received

* A Summer in Brittany. By Francis Trollope.

* Quarterly Review, ut *suprà*.

at a tournament compelled Francis I. to have his hair cropped. The king's example was followed by his courtiers, and soon extended itself to England. Close cropping became the rage; and, as Holbein's portraits show, was adopted by women as well as men.

But as the hair was shortened, the beard was suffered to grow long. The end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, indeed, comprise *par excellence* the period of magnificent beards. Henry's own was so large and profuse that it has been celebrated in song; * and who does not remember "the great round beard like a Glover's paring-knife," and the debate on the attire of Bottom?

The hair, as we all know, played an important symbolic part in the Civil Wars. The cavaliers of the reign of Charles I. reintroduced love-locks; whilst the Puritans, to mark their sense of the "loathsomenesse of long hair," polled even closer than before. But as the hair lengthened, the beard in its turn was shortened. Peaked beards and moustaches became common, and continued popular with all save the strictest sectaries till the Restoration gave a blow to the cause, from which it never recovered.

This was the era of the reinvention of the peruke. Louis XIII. had ascended the throne of his ancestors without a beard, but with hair which had never been polled from his childhood. Every one concluded immediately that the courtiers, seeing their young king's long locks, would look upon their own as too short; and the conjecture proved correct. Nature could be imitated if it could not be forced, and the manipulations of the barber became a science. For a time the people refused to follow the dangerous example; but the peruke-fever at length became so universal that, in 1663, we find it raging in full fury in England. An entry in *Pepy's Diary* marks the date when the epidemic had spread to the middle classes of society: "November 3 [1663]. Home, and by and by comes Chapman the periwig-maker, and upon my liking it (the wig), without more ado I went up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over and my periwig on, I paid him £3, and away went he with my own haire to make up another of; and I by and by went

abroad after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and then concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own haire, and so was Besse."

Perukes grew so large during the reign of Louis XIV., and so numerous in size and form, that "the face appeared only as a small pimple in the midst of a vast sea of hair," and a technical vocabulary was framed to guide the uninitiated in their choice. The most erudite of modern *coiffeurs* might well be puzzled by such items as these: "Perukes great and little; in folio, in quarto, in thirty-twos; round, square, and pointed perukes; pudding perukes; butterfly perukes; perukes à deux et trois marteaux," &c. Even children were not exempted from the infiction of wearing these manifold monstrosities.

If the ladies were loath to follow the men's example, and exchange their natural for artificial tresses, they at all events succeeded, by means of frizzing and piles of lace and ribbons, in building up a coiffure of such prodigious altitude as to intercept the view of spectators at the opera, and compel the manager to refuse admittance to all who wore such immoderate head-gear. So intricate, too, were its details, that ladies of quality were often under the hands of the artiste the entire day; and, when engaged to attend *ridottos* on succeeding evenings, were forced to sleep in arm-chairs for fear of endangering its finish!

Pigtails succeeded perukes in the early part of the reign of George III., but fell, in the last decade of the century, before the Gallo-mania and Pitt's tax on hair-powder. They continued, however, to be the bugbear of the soldier till 1808, when an order for their extermination was issued. The very next day, indeed, it was countermanded; but, to the great joy of the rank and file, it was then too late. The author of the *Costume of the British Soldier* relates that, on one occasion at Gibraltar, while this absurd fashion was at its height, a field-day was ordered, and there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors were compelled to have their heads dressed overnight, and, so pomatumed, powdered, curled, and clubbed, to sleep as well as they could on their faces! "Such was the rigidity with which certain *modes* were enforced in the army about this period, that

* See Fairholt's *Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume*, edited for the Percy Society.

there was kept in the adjutant's office of each regiment a pattern of the correct curls, to which the barber could refer."

The white peruke of the early Georgian era has now completely vanished even from the right reverend bench, and is only to be seen in our courts of law. Hair-powder has been banished to the servants-hall; the alpine

elevation of ladies' head-dress has dwindled into "bands;" and the thick and flowing locks of Lawrence's early portraits have shrunk, in the man, to a coiffure, whose simplicity, if not exactly after the model of "the curled Antony," stands at least in advantageous contrast to the hideous devices even of sixty years since.

PECULIAR TREATMENT OF CAST-STEEL.—A New York inventor proposes a new mode of treating cast-steel while it is passing from the molten state into that of being hardened or tempered, so as to obtain an article of a peculiarly soft, tough, malleable quality. To this end moulds are first prepared of a quality adapted to stand the most intense heat. These moulds are then heated to a degree nearly equal to that at which the steel melts, and in this state of the moulds the melted metal is poured into them. It is kept in the moulds heated to this high degree, and in the oven or furnace a considerable time, say from six to eight hours; after which the heat of the moulds is allowed gradually to subside until the steel in them has fairly congealed and is at a cherry red heat; the steel is then removed expeditiously from the moulds and immersed at once in a cistern of olive or whale oil heated to from six hundred to seven hundred degrees Fahrenheit. If the ingots or bars are more than one inch in thickness the oil is kept at that high degree of heat for several hours, and then permitted to become gradually quite cool; if less than an inch in thickness, a less time in the oil is allowed. By this process a very great degree of toughness, softness, and ductibility is imparted to the steel.—*National Intelligencer*.

EASY WAY OF RAISING WATER IN INDIA.

—It is pleasant to see with what ease a large quantity of water is raised in some parts of India; a palmira or cocoa tree being scooped out, and the butt-end closed with a board, &c., is fixed on a pivot on a level with the place to which the water is to be raised; a man having a pole to sustain him, throws his weight towards the butt-end, which thus sinks into the water, when the balance being again changed to the other end, the water is raised as the butt-end ascends, and shoots into a channel or reservoir made for the purpose. The quickest method, however, is by means of an osier scoop, about three feet square, and having a raised ledge on every side, except that which is immersed into the water.

Two men place themselves on the opposite sides of the reservoir, whence the water is to be raised, and by means of four ropes, one at each corner of the scoop, and passing to the men's hands respectively, the water is raised by a swinging motion to about four or five feet above its former level.

All these methods are excellent. They lift immense quantities, and are exempt from the expenses attendant on all machinery.—*Oriental Sports*.

MILL FOR GRINDING WHEAT.—A new mill for grinding wheat, introduced in England, has the peculiarity of combining in one mill steel and stone grinding surfaces. The first and upper grinding surface is formed of a vertical steel cone which revolves in a correspondingly shaped fixed cone, and below these cones ordinary grinding stones are fitted horizontally. The corn or other grain is fed into and between the steel cones from a hopper, and in its passage through them becomes very quickly bruised and converted into meal, for which purpose it is well known that steel mills are better adapted than stones. After being so converted the meal falls between horizontal grindstones, which reduce the meal into flour. The great advantage pertaining to this arrangement consists in apportioning each of the grinding surfaces to perform the portions of the grinding operations to which they are best adapted—the steel for converting the grain into meal and the stones the meal into flour.—*National Intelligencer*.

NABOB—THE MEANING OF.—The Persian word *Nawab*, which the English have corrupted to Nabob, is, grammatically speaking, the plural of *Nâib*, which signifies a deputy or lieutenant-governor; an officer in rank and consequence inferior to the *subadar*, and subordinate to him. But *Nawab* or *Nabob*, the plural of this term, is likewise an hereditary title of honor, which was always conferred on the *subadars*, frequently on the *nâibs*, and sometimes on the *emirs* or nobles of the empire, as the reward of eminent public service, or as a signal mark of royal favor.

From Fraser's Magazine.
HINTS FOR VAGABONDS.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

O Wandern, O Wandern, du freie Burschen-
lust!
Da wehet Gottes Odem so frisch in die Brust,
Da singet und jauchzet das Herz im Himmel-
szelt:

Wie bist du doch so schön, O du weite, weite
welt!

Student's Song.

It must be a very pleasant thing for E. Moses and Son, and other gentlemen of their persuasion, to sit in the dentist's easy chair and reflect that every single or double tooth in their jaws is perfectly safe, unless they choose to pay for its removal; and no doubt Mrs. Sycorax is not above feeling a thrill of secret satisfaction when she passes the village pond and thinks that she will not be thrown in, with the option of burning if she has not the good sense to drown quietly. We too, in our way, have reason to rejoice that persecution has had its day. There was a time when the curse of Cain still hung over our profession, and public opinion saw in each of us a possible fratricide, if not something worse. The civil law, humorously so called, expelled us from the city, and Justice Shallow committed us for being in the country. The old statutes with savage earnestness accused us of being "such as wake on the night and sleep on the day, and haunt customable taverns, and routs about, and no man wot from whence they come nor whither they go." But in time, society came to take a milder view of the enormity of these offences. It was found that waking on the night did not argue much moral depravity, and that even legislators were sometimes given to the practice. The strict attention to business and other virtues of Messrs. Quartermaine, Loyegrove, Ellis, &c., made the haunting of customable taverns a popular, not to say venial vice. The despotic institution of the continental passport showed clearly that every Briton who would never be a slave should rally round the right to travel no man wot whence or whither. Thus one by one vanished all the difficulties in the way of vagabond emancipation. It may have been that society wished to vagabondize itself, and certainly a large portion of it exhibits a leaning that way every year. In Chaucer's time the fit came on when

"April with his shoures sote
The droughte of March hath perced to the
rote."

Now it is in Autumn, when the heat hath made the Thames to smell more strong than sweet; when West-end windows show the holland blind, and callers get for answer, "On the Rhind;" when small M. P.s begin to come out strong that sat in silence all the session long, and push their bills through the remaining stages, "Than longen folk to gon on pilgrimages." But with this sort of folk the vagabond has as little in common as with the pious Canterbury Pilgrims. He has no part or lot with the luggage-ridden, courier-led traveller. Lafou, in *All's Well that Ends Well*, was quite right in drawing the distinction when he called Parolles "a vagabond and no true traveller;" for the vagabond, though he may go five thousand miles from home, never travels. He is made up of contradictions. Energetic and yet lazy, so as to enjoy the bliss of perfect idleness upon occasion: like Catiline, *patiens, inedia, vigilia, algoris*, yet enough of a voluptuary to appreciate good fare and comfortable quarters when he gets them; a sturdy walker, but not above taking advantage of rail, coach, or boat, if it suits him. The great difference, however, between him and the "true traveller" lies in this, that the one goes to "do" something, the Rhine, or the Rubenses, or the Rigi; the other goes to do nothing.

Simple as this may appear, it is not always so easy in practice. It is difficult in this country, next to impossible on the Continent, to find a place where there is not something to be done, a castle, or abbey, or church to be stumped through, or a picture which a chattering commissioner tells you reproachfully is considered very fine. You can, of course, if gifted with sufficient strength of character, resolutely refrain from looking at such objects. But if you do, you are sure to be met with on your return home by some inquiring mind that knows the ground thoroughly, and, curiously enough, it always happens that just what you did not see is the best worth seeing thing in the world. On the whole, the safest plan in this as in all similar cases, is to go where temptation is least likely to assail you, reserving to yourself the right of meeting it like a man, and yielding to it when it comes. The choice is not perhaps a very wide one, but still cosy little Goshens where the vagabond

may sojourn without being plagued to any serious extent, are to be found even on the Continent: and to the Continent be it observed, the vagabond will generally direct his steps. The passport is no bugbear to him, for he knows that after all it only requires common care to keep it always *en règle*; and then he can enjoy himself on one-third of the sum that would be necessary at home. For instance, there is the Eifel. Possibly some readers, even general readers, may never have heard of such a place, or having heard of it, may have only indistinct notions as to its position. It will be just as well, therefore, to premise that the Eifel is a portion of Rhenish Prussia lying in the triangle formed by the Rhine, the Moselle, and the old Roman road from Treves to Cologne. When it was discovered is a question still involved in obscurity. To hazard a wide solution, it may have been by some officers of the Tenth, who, when that legion was quartered at Zülpich or Bittsburg, got leave of absence for a day or two at the wild boars, and came back with, *merci!* such stories about the bag they had made among its hills; or perhaps in the Middle Ages, by a party of pilgrims in quest of the Holy Coat, who mislaid their Murray's *hand-book*, and thought to invent a new route to Treves. But a more probable theory is, that the discovery is due to some Rhine-going vagabond flying from a steamerful of tourists at Andernach or Sinzig. It is just the sort of district to attract a vagabond. There is nothing grand or imposing about it; no mighty mountain ranges or gloomy gorges to take away your breath with their sublimity; no vast panoramas of varied scenery to cloy you with their richness. Quaint is the word which best expresses the character of an Eifel landscape. They say that once in its hot youth it was a volcanic region, and on the face of the country there is abundant evidence of its early excesses. It has long since reformed and settled down for good; but still, as is often the case with a steadied rake, it seems to smile half regretfully, half complacently, over the recollection of its youthful freaks. Little streams come trickling down its hilly cheeks with a gurgling chuckle, as if they enjoyed the thought of the jolly times when they were lava; while in the valley below there is a long sigh among the beechwoods that sounds like the echo of Master Shallow's "Oh! the mad days that I have spent." Each

of those angular monticles is the record of some juvenile escapade in the way of an eruption, and even still from a distance they have a defiant perky look. But if you ascend one of them, instead of a savage chasm ready to heave hot stones in your face, you find nothing but a sort of earthen bowl, from the bottom of which an Eifel ploughman and a pair of cows yoked by the horns look up at you with a mild wonder; or in some cases a deep, blue lakelet, laughing itself into ripples at the surprise it has given you. There is a good deal of mock modesty about these sly little tarns: with a perfect consciousness of their own beauty, they affect a certain humility, and seem to say, "Ah! you should have seen me when I was an active young crater."

Next to the lakes, the beechwoods form the pleasantest feature in the landscape; indeed, the former can scarcely be said to enter into the landscape at all, for you never see one until you are on the point of tumbling into it. In some places these woods lie in compact masses on the hill side, in others they run straggling over hill and dale like schoolboys out on a holiday; and there are worse ways of spending a summer afternoon than lying in the soft grass or among the broom on the shady side of an Eifel bluff, and letting the eye, tired of an "endless meal of brick," batten on one of those rich stretches of tender green. It is a pastime precisely suited to a vagabond temperament to watch the shadows of the clouds chasing one another across the country; now down the slope, mixing themselves with respectable sedentary shadows that have never left their native valley: then up the sunny brow opposite, changing the golden into sap-green, and on, over the hills and far away into the distance, where trees, and rocks, and sky all run together in a Turneresque haze: now stopping for a moment to cool the grey head of some old volcano retired from business; again hanging inquisitively about some nook where a thin blue spiral of smoke indicates, as a matter of fact, a charcoal-burner's hut, but, as a matter of fancy, a lazy recumbent gnome enjoying his after-dinner cigar at the mouth of his cave. Pleasant, too, for the lover of silence, is the lying in these woods on the crisp, dry leaves, without a sound to disturb your lucubrations, except perhaps the chattering courtship of a pair of blue jays over your head, or the groaning from the cart-wheels of some home-

ward bound wood-cutter, who ever and anon addresses exhortations in stentorian German to his intelligent team. To lie down in one of these retreats is fatal to action for the rest of the day. The shadows may deepen about you, the tip of your cigar may change from ashy grey to cherry red, but there you remain, still lolling luxuriously, till a rustle in the dead leaves behind you makes you look round and perceive a gaunt quadruped examining you. "The region of the Eifel is still the haunt of wolves," says the voracious Murray, so you jump up to avoid being eaten while in an absurd and inelegant position. This discomfits the other party, who dashes off with a savage grunt, followed by a symphony of squeaking piglings, and now that you are safe you half regret that your wolf should have turned out to be only an Eifel pig. The adventure has produced one good result, however; it has got you on your legs, and as it is now less trouble to walk than to lie down again, you adjust your knapsack and go, comforted by the recollection that Niedermochenstein, where you mean to put up for the night, is by the last account some two "strong hours" off. But, lo, as you clear the wood, a light twinkles in the hollow below. There is a village there, with perhaps a gasthaus, at any rate a *weinwirtschaft*, where you can get a bed, and possibly *kalbsbraten*, probably *schinken und eier*, certainly *wurst* and a bottle of wine from the Moselle that, blessings on it, runs only a few miles away to the southward. These little villages should be studied; it is right to familiarize yourself with life in all its aspects, from the humble to the lofty; perhaps Herr Pastor will drop in for a chat, and, finding you are "aus London," will inquire after your intimate acquaintances and his near relatives, the Prince Albert, Albert, Prince of Wales, and the rest of the royal family. All these considerations make Niedermochenstein a place of no account in your eyes; besides, you can start early, and get there for breakfast, at least so you say overnight, and the question being settled, you tramp up the little dorfchen, with a "t'n dagh,"—the Eifel for "good day"—from the villagers you meet, who conclude from your knapsack that you are either a bagman, or else Mr. Overpost-roads-director. And thus, again and again will end a vagabond's day in the Eifel.

To get to this stroller's paradise, start for

Antwerp per the *Baron Ory*—that is, if you do not object to travelling on Sunday, for the dear old heathen just named adheres to Lord Shaftesbury's principles as little as the busy at the Nore, and makes a point of sailing on the Sabbath. At Antwerp, some three or four hours will be allowed for refreshment, relative to which a couple of hints may not be amiss. First, don't omit a visit to the small room at the end of the museum gallery, where a cluster of little Van Eycks and Hemlings, awaits your inspection; and secondly, don't go up the spire of the Cathedral. If you want to admire and respect it, take a seat upon one of the benches in the *Place Verte*, and examine its proportions for half an hour; but why seek to probe the mystery of that masterpiece of Gothic, and that too at the cost of mounting a spiral stair until your legs feel like paviors' rammers, and your head has a sensation as if it was training to start in business as a coffee mill? Three to four hours' rail will bring you to Pepinster through Liège, and half an hour more to Spa, where you can make yourself comfortable at the *Hôtel de Flandre*, and in one evening see quite enough of a town which is a combination of Tunbridge Wells and Wiesbaden, but not half so pleasant as the one or so pretty as the other. A vehicle, called by courtesy a diligence, will take you from Spa across the frontier to Malmédy.

A wonderful affair it is, this frontier. You half expect to see something like the Wall of China, with brazen gates and pacing sentinels, and that sort of thing, and are keeping a sharp look-out, when the break is put on, the driver swears the horses down a short hill and over a bridge, and a post striped black and white tells you it is all over, and you are in Prussia. Positively these two mighty kingdoms have nothing better to divide them than a stream for which no mill-wheel with a particle of self-respect would stir an inch. Suppose that stream were to go wrong, or worse still, refuse to go at all. Gracious powers! the mind almost refuses to contemplate the results, the notes, and ultimatus, and protocols, and protoplasts, and other diplomatic engines with which the advisers of Kings Frederick William and Leopold would set to work. Going up the first hill in Prussia, you perceive what appears to be a large fishing-rod that has caught a house, but on closer inspection the fishing-rod

turns out to be a bar capable of being lowered across the road, and from the house there comes a gentleman in uniform with a pipe in his mouth, who somewhat contemptuously waives the right to undo the straps of your knapsack, contenting himself with gravely poking it with his finger, while he takes a savage delight in opening all boxes that are secured with double-knotted cordage or nails. From Malmedy to Prüm the walk is long and stupid, so it will be just as well to take the *schnellwagen*, a conveyance so called because it goes at the rate of three and a half miles per hour. Some persons however read *smellwagen*, on account of the internal odors of the vehicle, but philology does not recognize the derivation. Prüm may be considered the capital of the country you are about to explore, but except for this fact, and that it is a good starting-point, it does not demand much consideration at your hands; and *au fait*, what has a vagabond to do with a capital without interest? The Eifel is all before you where to choose. An easy walk will take you to Hillesheim or Gerolstein, from which points your own fancy and Heer Heymann's pocket-map will be your best guides. But if, as sometimes happens, a garrison ball is about to come off at Prüm, by all means stop and see it, for your patriotic feelings will be gratified thereby.

Fancy Captain Pegtop of the Heavies, or young Drawley of the Guards, actually enjoying themselves, and showing their enjoyment in the most unmistakable manner, at a ball in the hotel at Skibbereen. Fancy them sitting down to a supper at a shilling a-head, and going back to their quarters to bed at the immoral hour of half-past twelve. Fancy all this, and you will at once perceive that the Prussian military system must be vastly inferior to ours, since Prussian officers are simple-minded enough to take pleasure in such amusements.

Another and perhaps better way of approaching the Eifel is to ascend the Rhine as far as Remagen, and striking across the hills to Ahrweiler, follow the valley of the Ahr up to Altenahr. By adopting this route you reach one of the most delightful little towns in Rhineland through one of the most delightful valleys in the world. The Ahrthal is a model Eifel valley. The little Ahr is one of those streams that never know their own mind for ten consecutive yards: if it trots

along quietly one moment, it is sure the next to turn savagely on the mountain by its side; and insist upon going through him. In most cases the mountain good-naturedly complies, and makes way for the impetuous little brawler with a polite *Comme vous voulez, Monsieur*, air. Sometimes he resists, on which the river resolves into a miniature Maelstrom, and the whole glen echoes with its complaints at the grievance. In one or two spots the poor fellow, anxious for a quiet life, retires from the contest altogether, and leaves a clear stage to his tormentor; but the wayward river soon tires over the flat, and presently comes sidling up to the mountain in a coaxing way, and the quarrel begins again *da capo*. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the thirsty soul will rejoice in these bickerings, inasmuch as owing to them five miles of valley give some ten of vineyards, and those the vineyards which yield the Ahrbleichart and the Walporzheimer. If there is a place in Germany where you make what Izaak calls "a good, honest, wholesome, hungry breakfast," it is at Ulrich's inn at Altenahr. While they are making ready, you will probably climb up to the old castle that hangs over the town. Here it was that the last knight of the Ahrburg, when his garrison lay dead round him, defied his enemy from the battlements, and driving the spurs into his good horse went crashing down upon the rocks below. These scenes of legendary romance sharpen the appetite curiously, especially when they entail a climb of four hundred feet, and are followed by such trout as one gets at Altenahr, sent up in a light summer paletot of delicately browned meal that eats like farinaceous crackling. If you can tear yourself away from Altenahr and its old castle, from Ulrich's inn and its accompaniments, the trout, the Walporzheimer, the pipes on the garden benches, you had better make for Laach, turning southwards. The Laacher See and the abbey are so elegantly described in the works of Murray, Baedeker, and other Rhine guides, that their beauties need not be dwelt upon here. When you have satisfied yourself as to the statements of these authorities, as good a line as you can take will be the road to Münstermayfeld, and so to Karden on the Moselle, not forgetting a look at the Schloss Elz on the way. The castle of Elz and its pedestal remind one of Colonel Crockett's dog, "who puzzled people to decide whether he was

made expressly to hunt bars or bars were made expressly for him to hunt." Whether the castle was built to suit the rock or the rock accommodated itself to the requirements of the castle, would be hard to say, but between them they have produced the quaintest effect ever realized in stone and mortar. Strange wings and buttresses jut out from the central building, for no apparent purpose except to cover some square feet of the rock's surface; while, not to be outdone, the rock itself here and there runs up the wall to meet and support some logholed excrescence that would otherwise infallibly tumble into the bed of the Elz below; so that the whole concern looks like an architectural banyan tree sending out supernumerary stems, and taking hold of every spare inch of ground about it. Let all this be topped by a well-selected assortment of roofs, gabled, peaked, and conical, but no two alike, and all perforated from cave to weathercock by little windows suggestive of attic accommodation for all the ghosts in North Germany; throw in the little stream winding round about nineteen of the five-and-twenty sides of the edifice, and add a steep background of beechwoods, and you have the castle of Elz, a subject that the whole Society of Painters in Water Colors might sketch from different points of view, without any two results having the least resemblance.

Karden is a good halting-place, being a pretty little town, well situated for making raids from, full of curious bits of Romanesque architecture, and further possessing one of the snuggest inns on the Moselle. The latter is a consideration which should have due weight in every case. Some stoics pride themselves on roughing it, but the vagabond will, when practicable, take his ease in his inn, knowing that corporeal comfort has a good deal to do with the activity of the æsthetic faculty, and that perfect mental serenity is incompatible with bodily inconvenience. In Kochem, the very next town to Karden, a half hour's sojourn at the sign of the "Römischer König" produced in the present vagabond a mental prostration which could only relieve itself by the following

ARGUMENT.

*The vagabond's found at an inn, weather-bound;
The rain, if he stirs out, will soak him—will soak him;*

And so to kill time, he composes the rhyme
Of
"THE RÖMISCHER KÖNIG AT KOCHEM"—at
Kochem.

Sing heavenly muse, to a man in the blues,
(For the place is enough to provoke 'em—pro-
voke 'em.)

And say how it came by this singular name—
The Römischer König at Kochem—at Kochem.

Was it Tarquin the proud who his title allowed,
The hostel's shortcomings to cloak 'em—to
cloak 'em?

Or was Numa Pompilius ever so silly as
To set up as König at Kochem—at Kochem?

Whate'er his cognomen, I pity that Roman,
Whom fortune sent hither to joke him—to joke
him;

I'd prefer of the two to be Bamfylde Carew,
Then Römischer König at Kochem—at Kochem.

And say, did he dine on this sourest of wine,
This Kalbsbraten as stringy as oakum—as
oakum?

Did that weird compound smell then pervade
the hotel

Of the Römischer König at Kochem—at
Kochem?

A scent which explains the existence of drains,
And that something has happened to choke 'em
—to choke 'em;

And flavored by whiffs of strange soupy sniffs
From the Römischer kitchen at Kochem—at
Kochem.

Did the boors call for swipes and produce awful
pipes,

And, regardless of royalty, smoke 'em—and
smoke 'em?

Was the Kellner B. C. any cleaner than he
Of the Römischer König at Kochem—at
Kochem?

But, hurrah! peeping through the clouds there's
some blue,

Where the sun, blessings on him, has broke 'em
—has broke 'em.

What's grammar to me at the moment I'm free
From the Römischer König at Kochem—at
Kochem?

Still, little Kochem is not without its attractions. Unsavoury as its streets are, they are picturesque and full of old-world houses, with projecting gables, and latticed windows, and black beams crossing and recrossing each other in the whitewashed walls, giving the streets the appearance of wearing a complete suit of shepherd's plaid.

Within a march of Kochem is Daun, which you may make your head-quarters if you wish to enjoy the Eifel lakes thoroughly. There are three of them on the hill just over the town. There is one at Uelmen, and another at Manderscheid (with an old castle into the bargain), each within an easy walk. But the

loveliest of them all is the Pulvermaar, near Gillenfeld, some five or six miles off. Der Herr cannot err; he has but to take the path (links) on the height. So every one will tell you, but for all that the finding of the Pulvermaar is not an easy matter. You may be within ten yards of it without suspecting its proximity, so cunningly devised is the basin in which the lake lies. For at least half an hour, in all probability, you will go stumbling about among the soft, sandy furrows, panting up stiff little hills, peering into bosky hollows, until you begin to think that the Pulvermaar is a myth; or else that it has given up being a lake, and gone into the turnip and corn business, like the rest of the country; or else that you have gone wrong, and on this supposition you try to remember every "links" and "rechts" you have taken since starting. When suddenly the ground opens beneath your feet, and you are aware of a perfectly circular bowl two or three hundred yards across, and thickly-wooded down to the edge of the bluest, roundest, and stillest tarn you ever saw. Once only is it known to have been excited: when the peasants in the neighborhood forgot their annual procession and hymn in its honor. Then they say the lake rose in its wrath, and was about to leave its bed, and rush down upon the lazy villagers of the valley; but a pious shepherd who tended his flock hard by, sang the customary chant, and followed by his sheep, performed the procession round the edge of the kessel, and the lake was appeased. To look at it one would never suppose it to be capable of such transports. Sleepy Hollow could not preserve a stillness more complete. Not a leaf moves on the very beech-trees that stretch their arms out over the placid mere as if they were jealous of the intruder, and suspected some sinister design in his admiration. Nothing stirs, unless it be the tall reeds bowing an acknowledgement to some passing breeze that has failed to raise a curl upon the lake, or some great dragon-fly that shoots across to see what the Engländer with the pipe in his mouth is doing, and settles himself on the juniper at your feet to stare you out of countenance with his solemn eyes. But if you would view the Pulvermaar aright, go visit it by the pale moonlight, when one half of the hollow is black, velvety shadow, the other frosty silver, and the moon floats like a spectral lily on the water below. Fair as the scene is, it is not, like Melrose, sad; and in aftertimes, when the roar of Piccadilly is loud

in your ears, you will like to think of that beautiful Pulvermaar sleeping tranquilly far away among the Eifel hills, while the same pale planet looks down on it from her post right over the Horse Guards clock.

If you are a geologist you should make for Gerolstein, about twelve miles from Daun, on the road Prüm. Indeed, whatever your taste may be, you will not do wrong in going, for besides other objects of interest there is an inn there where they keep Seltzer water on draught, and bring it up to you cold and hissing in their own jugs from a spring in the garden. There is good rambling ground too about Gerolstein and the old castle is situated favorably for the enjoyment of after-breakfast tobacco, commanding as it does not only the valley and the country round for miles, but also the single street of the little town in its length and breadth. To watch the goings on below is a pastime which harmonizes surprisingly with the immoral practice just referred to. When a man is stretched at full length, with a pipe in his mouth, it is wonderful what an interest he takes in common objects, and how the tendency to philosophize is promoted by the disinclination to move. Herr Bürgermeister opposite, who is smoking his pipe at his door, becomes interesting in your eyes. Why is he the Bürgermeister, and when that is settled, what is a Bürgermeister? Who was his father? who was his mother? Has he a sister? has he a brother? A little way down is a group of men who are shoeing a cow in a sort of pillory; and as you contemplate the operation it seems to throw a new light on German character. Only work them out fairly, and there is no knowing what close analogies may be found between yon cowsmith and every illustrious German, from Martin Luther to Goethe. But a cracked bell hard by sets up a clonk, clonk, and the villagers begin to stream up the street and into the little church, and suddenly, with a twitch of conscience, you recollect that it is Sunday. One gets sadly out of one's reckoning when vagabondism sets in severely. Suppose you go down and join the crowd. Exeter Hall, to be sure, will call it bowing yourself in the house of Rimmon, without even the excuse of Naaman the Syrian; and no doubt the candles and dauby pictures of this Eifel-peasants' church are idolatries and abominations as compared with the drab respectability of the Little Horeb Chapel, Clapham. But you will not take much harm by mixing for an hour with these simple folk; the sermon of Herr Pastor can scarcely undermine your sound Protestant principles, and on the whole you will be none the worse fitted for encountering the walk to Prüm, where your Eifel experiences would have commenced had you adopted the line from Spa as first suggested.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

E. FELICE FORESTI.

E. FELICE FORESTI, an Italian exile, well known to our citizens as the patriotic co-sufferer with Silvio Pellico in the dungeons of Austria, where he spent twenty years of his life, and who received from the President an appointment acceptable to all parties, that of Consul to Genoa, died recently at that port. More than five thousand persons are said to have been present at his funeral, among whom were the officers and crew of the United States frigate Wabash. It is intended by his fellow countrymen to open a subscription for the erection of a marble monument to the deceased.

From an interesting biographical sketch written by Prof. Foresti himself, and published a little more than two years ago in the *Watchman and Crusader*, entitled "Twenty Years in the Dungeons of Austria," we gather the following particulars of that period of his eventful life.

On the 7th of January, 1819, instigated by the Austrian government, the Chief of Police of Venice, arrested many youthful adherents of Carbonarism. Foresti was among the number. He says:

"We were conducted to Venice—some were shut up in the prisons called 'The Piombi,' and some in the Monastery of the Island of San Michael of Murano—severe imprisonment, no correspondence, no intercourse with our families. While prisoners there the revolutions of Piedmont and Naples burst forth, as I before said, another cause of vexation and rigor towards us. The investigations of the police were incessant, both by day and by night. A solitary prison and bread and water to those who refused to answer."

The Emperor appointed two special courts to proceed against them, entrusting the prosecution to their worst enemies.

"The prosecution lasted more than a year, and it is impossible to describe the miseries and sufferings of the poor prosecuted ones. Those in the prisons of Venice had almost all lost their hair. The judges were adepts in the art of torture—the jailors severe, rough, and inflexible. Our families could not console us, even for one moment, by their presence.

"Among the prosecuted, some were weak and confessed all; a few were traitors; the greater part remained firm, resisting, and silent. There was more courage and virtue in the youths than in those of maturer years

—more strength of soul and loyalty in those from the country than among those of the great cities.

"The sentence of the commission was kept concealed from us for a long time."

In November, 1821, the final decision of the Emperor arrived at Venice. Foresti at that time was in the prison of the Piombi. One midnight he was led out by six armed soldiers through the long line of magnificent rooms of the Ducal Palace to the Bridge of Sighs, which connects the criminal prisons with the palace to one of the prisons of the State Inquisition. As soon as left alone, and feeling that, as a Judge and one of the first to introduce Carbonarism into the Imperial States, his punishment would be the most cruel, he attempted to commit suicide. These are his own words:

"I had for a long time kept a little pen-knife concealed in the collar of the coat that I wore in prison. I took out this little weapon; I uncovered my bosom, and, after an aspiration of love, and a prayer for forgiveness to my Creator, I plunged the knife with force into my bosom. The blow was so powerful that the blade snapped in two, part only remained in the flesh, and the wound did not prove mortal, although I have yet the scar of it remaining. The blood flowed: I was in a fury of anger and desperation; and still wishing to put an end to my life, I hastily broke the glass bottle which contained the wine, and began swallowing the little sharp pieces of it, and trying to cut the arteries in the arm. The immense loss of blood had exhausted my strength. I lay stretched as one dead upon my bed."

The officers of the prison found him in this condition, and the physicians pronounced the wounds dangerous, though not mortal. Cavalier Mazzetti endeavored to induce him to retract, promising him his life, though forfeited in the sentences of three legitimate tribunals, but Foresti remained immovable. The Secretary therefore read his sentence:

"That all those accused of Carbonarism by the process of Venice, of the grade of Master and above it, were condemned to death. That still His Majesty granted life to all except the Judges Solera, Foresti and Count Munari, who should be executed, with all the rigor and formalities of the law, in the Public Square of Venice." Then was read a note under the own hand of the Emperor, in which he said that he would even give their lives to Solera, Foresti and Munari, if they should make any spontaneous revelation of importance to the great political views of his

majesty. I was sent back to my prison; two guards were placed to watch over me day and night. I was deprived of the use of the knife and fork, and obliged to eat with my hands. The doctor attended me with much kindness; my wounds took a favorable turn, and I was left there, condemned to death and uncertain whether or not the sentence would be executed."

"On Christmas Eve, 1821, all the condemned were led chained two by two, to a scaffold on the square of St. Mark, in Venice. It was about 12 at noon. The square—the windows—the roofs were covered with people! The whole Austrian garrison of Venice was under arms, in bands, in the squares and streets. The cannons placed between the two columns Todere and St. Mark. The Viceroy—brother of the Emperor—was on the great balcony of the Imperial Palace. Unbroken silence prevailed; one of the judges read in a loud voice the sentence of condemnation; at the word *death*, there was a shudder of horror; at the words *life granted*, there was a cry of joy. All were saved from death, but all condemned to irons (*carcere duro*) in the Spielberg and the Castle of Lubiana—some for ten, fifteen, some for twenty years. I was among the latter. They said that my youth saved me from death. Meanwhile we were conducted to the Island of St. Michael. Ladies and gentlemen followed us in gondolas, waving white handkerchiefs and calling to us, 'Courage, courage, brave patriots.' At night a great serenade was given us, from the Lagunes, and pieces of poetry recited, which from the great distance, we could not understand. A few months afterwards, at Milan and Venice, were published other similar sentences, and all under the title of high treason, and all condemned to Spielberg."

Silvio Pellico was among his fellow-prisoners, many of whom died. On the 12th of January, 1822, the officers set out with their prisoners for Spielberg. The journey lasted about a month—a terrible journey over the Alps of Corinthia and Syria, amid snows and intense winter cold—the prisoners chained together, two by two. Spielberg is a moun-

tain which rises above the city of Brunn, the capital of Moravia. The vaults of a fortress, erected by the Emperor Charles V., were changed into a penitentiary, and here, with assassins and highway robbers, incendiaries and villains of all kinds, numbering generally from 800 to 900 men and women, the Italians were left to drag out their miserable days.

"To each of us was assigned a prison, twelve feet in length and eight in breadth, with a small window, with double rows of iron bars. For bed, a plain wooden plank, straw mattress and blanket, a long iron chair fastened in the wall, an earthen jug for water; this was all the furniture. We were allowed no knife and fork, but only a wooden spoon. Morning and evening, broth of burnt flour, and bacon put in warm water; at noon, a dumpling and a little piece of meat, which produced vomiting, and a small portion of bread. This food was given in a dirty, rusty iron vessel."

Silvio Pellico's "My Prisons," has made American readers familiar with the cruelties and hardships to which they were subjected at Spielberg, and it hardly needs that Foresti's thrilling account should be repeated here. Some died, many were reduced to sickness and attenuation, several became insane, and all suffered a stupefaction of mental faculties. Fourteen years were passed by Foresti in this death in life.

The Emperor died in 1835, and his son Ferdinand ascending the throne, immediately passed a decree liberating the Italian patriots, but condemning them to a perpetual exile in America. On the first of August, 1836, Foresti, with the other prisoners, was transported by night to Trieste, whence, on the third, they sailed for America in the very same brig—the *Usello*—from which Koszta in Smyrna was dragged. Immediately upon their arrival here they were received with much consideration by prominent citizens, and a week later their fellow countrymen gave them a banquet at Delmonico's.

LUXURY OF COLD WATER IN INDIA.—

"The greatest luxury I enjoyed during this sultry season was a visit to the English factory, where the resident had one room dark and cool, set apart entirely for the porous earthen vessels containing the water for drinking; which were disposed with as much care and regularity as the milk-pans in an English dairy; on the surface of each water-jar were scattered a few leaves

of the Damascus rose; not enough to communicate the flavor of the flower, but to convey an idea of fragrant coolness when entering this delightful spectacle: to me a draught of this water was far more grateful than the choicest wines of Schiraz, and the delicious sensations from the sudden transition of heat, altogether indescribable."

From The Spectator.
DR. BARTH'S TRAVELS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.*

AT length the great contemporary African explorer has completed the record of his labors and discoveries, in five most ample volumes. The first three, published some fifteen months since,† conducted the reader from the shores of the Mediterranean to the banks of the Benuwe, or southern branch of the Niger, in about nine degrees of north latitude and twelve of East longitude. The narrative also brought the traveller back again to his head quarters at Kukawa, the capital of Bornu, and left him recovering from troubles in mind, body, and estate. His grief was caused by news of the death of his friend and companion Mr. Overweg; his bodily sufferings by a severe attack of country fever; his worldly annoyance by debts which, though contemptible to a London speculator, were large for Central Africa; the Doctor owing his friend the Vizier of Bornu 500 dollars, besides little matters to other creditors. The debts an official remittance enabled him to discharge, as well as to prepare for the exploration narrated in the two volumes before us. This extended from Kukawa in thirteen degrees of north latitude to Say, a sort of market on the Niger in nearly the same parallel; the traveller's route running somewhat in a straight line westerly from Kukawa, allowance being made for deviations on either side of the line for natural obstacles or dangers in a direct road. At Say, Dr. Barth's striking discoveries really began; for the greater part of the country previously traversed had been visited by Denham, Clapperton, or Lander. Beyond the Niger, and on the return journey, along the course of that mighty and mysterious river from Timbuctoo to Say, no European had travelled, or at least lived to record his travels; though the greatest of African explorers, Mungo Park, descended the river itself, not merely travelling, like Dr. Barth, along its banks. Our author's land journey from Say to Timbuctoo was, as regards the course of the river, something like traversing the string of a bow, instead of

the bow itself. At Timbuctoo, he was detained for upwards of six months, through a variety of circumstances. A leading cause according to the Doctor was the procrustean character of his protector Sheikh El Bakay. Another was the fact that religious-political disputes ran high, and the Sheikh's opponents insisted on the Doctor's expulsion, which the Sheikh's faction resisted as a point of honor. The delay was tedious, especially as prudential reasons prevented the traveller from going much about the town, while the floods limited his excursions in the neighborhood. There was also the terror of "war's alarms;" though the danger, perhaps, was not so great as the Doctor supposes, since no man can know better than himself that the boasts and threats of Arabs and negroes far exceed their realizations. At last, in March 1854 (having arrived in the previous September), our author was allowed to quit Timbuctoo. The fact that he was accompanied by the Sheikh to Gogo on the Niger, about half-way on his return to Say, and was then dismissed with an escort to Bornu, seems to indicate that the reasons occasionally assigned for the delay at Timbuctoo had more force than the worn-out and impatient German recognized. The remainder of his journey along the river to Say, is important for the information it furnishes as to the character of the Niger and the country along its banks. His return journey to Kukawa for the most part on the route by which he advanced, and from the capital of Bornu across the great desert to Tripoli have no generic novelty. They possess of course the interest which arises from novel scenery, peoples, characters and manners, and the risk which ever attends such explorations if only from the climate.

In the literary scheme of the volumes necessity or design has effected some improvement. The progress of the story is not delayed by so many interrupting topics as in the former volumes. There were of course on this occasion no classical antiquities, or traces of Roman occupation in the Sahara to divert attention from the true subject—the incidents of the journey and the observations of the traveller. The mere tribes met with during the present explorations are perhaps not so numerous as in the journey from the Mediterranean to Bornu, including the expeditions to the south-eastward of Lake Tchad and the River Benuwe. The species or varie-

* *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa*; being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H.B.M.'s Government, in the years 1849-1855. By Henry Barth, Ph.D., D.C.L., Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Asiatic Societies, &c. &c. In five volumes. Volumes IV. and V. Published by Longman and Co.

† *Spectator*, for 1857, page 523.

ties of the *genus homo* are clearly not so numerous. There is, therefore, less of philology, ethnology, and history. Our German Doctor, however, omits no opportunity of introducing matters that are better adapted to the pages of a special society's "Transactions," or which should be relegated to an appendix, if they must appear in a popular work.

The narrative itself is still extremely slow, arising from the same cause as induced the former volumes to drag heavily, namely, a too full journalizing *en route*, without regard to the character of the things described. No doubt every particular connected with the Niger and the country south of it is geographically important; indeed the same may be said of the whole journey; but geographical discoveries are really best displayed by maps on a large scale with brief descriptive notes, like the two which illustrate Dr. Barth's principal journey. If fuller details were deemed necessary, the mere route should take the form of an itinerary, confining the general narrative to incidents, characters, sketches of landscape, and the like, which exhibit the life and soul, as it were, of travel and discovery. It is true that all the author's accounts are very real; still even reality may approach tedium. It is traits such as the last named that render the more important part of Dr. Barth's journey as regards discovery, also the most interesting to the general reader, from its incident, adventure, characters, and natural features. The country beyond Say, where our author left the Niger in his land route for Timbuctoo, is not very remarkable for some four degrees of latitude, and about as many of longitude; being thinly inhabited, rather poor in production, with a soil occasionally approaching the desert in character, and the whole country indeed not generally differing from other parts already traversed. The Hombori mountains give an air of singularity to the plain, from which they arise abruptly; but the region has nothing very striking till within some sixty or seventy miles of Timbuctoo. As the Niger approaches that capital from the southward, the volume of its waters and a peculiar formation of the land creates a backwater which extends over a degree of latitude, forming a species of lake in the rainy season, and numerous intricate channels in the dry, during part of which navigation is greatly, if not wholly, interrupted. Still the busy air which water com-

munication induces is visible here, though Dr. Barth embarked for Timbuctoo at the very commencement of the rainy season when the channels were just passable for a craft of the magnitude he had chartered. Elation at floating on the water of the Niger; joy at approaching Timbuctoo the object of his expedition; the contrast which the rich and busy scene around him compared with the barrenness or stagnation of his route afforded, probably combined to color the Doctor's picture of his voyage. Perhaps the reader of his book is animated by similar feelings—the relief is so striking from almost constant desolation or beggary.

"After a short delay, we set out again on our zigzag voyage, while one of our boatmen, his harpoon in hand, proceeded on a fishing expedition. From a wide open water we soon got into a narrow channel, while the grassy expanse spread out on each side to a great extent; and, making our way with great difficulty, we emerged into a wide open branch, much more considerable than the one along which our course had lain, it being the principal trunk of the westerly watercourse of Sarayamo. As soon as we had entered it, some large specimens of the alligator tribe afforded proofs of a more extensive sheet of water, while the current, which at first was running against us, was so considerable that we advanced rather slowly. The whole breadth of the river or channel, forming one large unbroken sheet of water, was certainly not less than from 600 to 700 yards, while the depth in the midst of the channel, at least as far as I had an opportunity of judging from the poles of our boatmen, measured fourteen feet and a half, and at times even as much as eighteen, and probably more. The banks were enlivened by men and horses, and we passed an encampment of herdsmen with their cattle. The western shore especially was adorned with a profusion of dum-palms, besides fine tamarind trees, sarakaya, and others of unknown species. Thus repeatedly delayed by shifting sands obstructing the channel of the river, we moved on in a tolerably direct northerly course, till we reached the village of Menesengay, situated on sandy downs about twenty feet high, beyond a deep gulf of the westerly shore. The low grassy ground on the eastern side formed the place of resort for numbers of pelicans, and the lower ground emerging at present only three feet out of the water, was enlivened by numbers of water-birds, which were looking out greedily for their prey.

"Here we again changed our course, following a great many windings, but proceeding generally in an easterly direction. But now

the watercourse began to exhibit more and more the character of a noble river, bordered by strongly-marked banks, clad with fine timber, chiefly tamarind and kana trees, and occasionally enlivened by cattle. Our voyage was very delightful, gliding, as we were, smoothly along the surface of the water, and keeping mostly in the middle of the noble stream, our boatmen only changing their course once to touch at the northern shore, in order to procure for a few shells the luxury of some kola nuts, of which even these poor people were by no means insensible. At length, having passed between the villages of Haibongu on the northern and Dara-kaina on the southern shore, we again exchanged our south-easterly direction for a more northerly one, proceeding along a very broad watercourse; but after a while, the open water was broken by a broad grassy island, which left only a small channel on the west side, while that on the east was of tolerable width. Meanwhile the evening was approaching, and we met with several delays, once in order to buy some fish, and another time on account of our boatmen having lost their harpoon, with which they occasionally endeavored to catch some large species of fish which were swimming alongside our boat. They were very dexterous in diving, although it required some time for them to ascertain the spot where the slender instrument had been fixed in the bottom. This harpoon was exactly similar to the double spear used by some divisions of the Batta, one of the tribes of Adamawa, such as the Bagele, and even of some of the inhabitants of Bornu.

"We had now entered a splendid reach of the river, which, almost free from reeds, extended in an easterly direction, and we glided pleasantly along the smooth water at a short distance from the northern bank, which was thickly clad with trees; till at length, darkness setting in, we struck right across the whole breadth of the river, which now, in the quiet of the evening, spread out its smooth unrippled surface like a beautiful mirror, and which at this place was certainly not less than a thousand yards broad, straight for the evening fires of the village Banay, which was situated on the opposite bank, and we moored our vessel at the north-easterly bend of the gulf round which the town is situated. Most of our party slept on shore, while others made themselves as comfortable as possible in the boat and on the top of the matting which formed the cabins."

The journey to Timbuctoo was also distinguished by a dramatic disguise. For the latter part of the time the route lay through a district whose chief was a bigoted and fanatical Mussulman. Death probably, detention

or expulsion certainly, would have attended the powerless Christian who attempted to penetrate his dominions. It was suggested by an Arab guide or companion, charged by the Doctor with various frauds and conspiracies, but who preserved his secret and probably his life, that he, the Doctor, should assume the character of a Syrian sherif and pass as a saint and pilgrim. This gave rise to occurrences of a comic character, of which the following is one.

"I had scarcely returned to my quarters, when the governor, or emir, of the place [Sarayamo] came to pay me a visit. This man, whose name was Othman, was a cheerful kind of person. He stands in direct subjection to the chief of Hamda-Allah, without being dependent upon any other governor; and his province comprises some other places in the neighborhood, such as Fatta, Horesena, and Kabeka. Having made strict inquiries with regard to the present state of affairs in Stambul, and having asked the news respecting the countries of the east in general, he left me, but returned again in the course of the afternoon, accompanied by the chief persons in the town, in order to solicit my aid in procuring rain. After a long conversation about the rainy season, the quantity of rain which falls in different countries, and the tropical regions especially, I felt myself obliged to say before them the 'fat-ha,' or opening prayer of the Kuran; and, to their great amusement and delight, concluded the Arabic prayer with a form in their own language,—*'Alla hokki ndiam,'*—which, although meaning originally 'God may give water,' has become quite a complimentary phrase, so that the original meaning has been almost lost, few people only being conscious of it. It so happened that the ensuing night a heavy thunder-storm gathered from the east, bringing a considerable quantity of rain, which even found its way into my badly thatched hut. This apparent efficacy of my prayer induced the inhabitants to return the following day, to solicit from me a repetition of my performance; but I succeeded in evading their request by exhorting them to patience. But, on the other hand, I was obliged, in addition to a strong dose of emetic, to give the governor my blessing, as he was going to the capital, and was rather afraid of his liege lord the young prince Ahmedu, while at the same time his overbearing neighbors the Tawarek inspired him with a great deal of fear. In the sequel, he was very well received in the capital, and therefore could not complain of the inefficacy of my inspiration; but nevertheless, not having had the slightest suspicion that I was not what I represented myself to

be, he was much shocked when he afterwards learned that I was a Christian, to the great amusement of the Shiekh el Bakay, who wrote to him repeatedly to the effect that he ought to be well pleased that so wicked a person as a Christian had procured him, not only rain, but even a good reception from his superior."

Once housed at Timbuctoo Dr. Barth threw off the character of a Mahometan and became a Christian again. For reasons already mentioned, his original information respecting this mysterious city, is not so full as might have been wished; but this could not be helped. A man whose appearance in the streets might lead to his murder, does quite right to keep the house. He has collected particulars as to the general commerce of this African emporium (whose trade does not seem to be much), as well as with reference to the nature and extent of the river inundation, which is very considerable. The prices of provisions he learned by experiment and found them cheap, in comparison with parts of Negroland. This was his style of living.

"The course of my material existence went on very uniformly, with only slight variations. My daily food, when I was in the town, consisted of some milk and bread in the morning, a little kuskus, which the sheikh used to send, about two in the afternoon, and a dish of negro millet, containing a little meat, or seasoned with the sauce of the kobewa, or *curbita melopepo*, after sunset. The meat of Timbuctu, at least during the cold season, agreed with me infinitely better than that of any other part of Negroland; but this was not the case with the *melopepo*, although it is an excellent and palatable vegetable. In the beginning of my stay I had consumed a great many young pigeons, which form a favorite dainty in this city. They are sold at the almost incredibly cheap rate of ten shells each, or at the rate of three hundred for a dollar; but the poor little things were used for culinary purposes so soon after breaking the shell as to be almost tasteless. A very rare dainty was formed by an ostrich egg, which was one day brought to me. This article is more easily to be obtained in the desert than in the towns, and such strong food, moreover, is not well adapted to the stomach of a resident. The sheikh used also to send me a dish late at night, sometimes long after midnight; but, on account of the late hour, I never touched it, and left it to my servants."

The principal incidents at Timbuctoo sprung out of the diplomatic contest respecting Dr. Barth's departure: if indeed they ought to be

called incidents, seeing that action bore no sort of proportion to talk and protocols; for both Arabs and Negroes can rival any European diplomatist in saying much and settling nothing. At first, the meetings, and discussions, and reports, and stipulations, have an interest; but frequent repetition renders them as tedious to the reader as they were terrible to Dr. Barth. The pictures of social and domestic life, as seen through the friendship of his protector, El Bakay, are attractive. Upon the whole, they represent the inhabitants of Timbuctoo in a fair and creditable aspect; though there were bad and bigoted men in the place, and the mass might readily be stirred to fanaticism. The Sheik, whose eminence as a holy man gave him power in Timbuctoo, and influence, as well as celebrity, through a large part of Africa, was possessed of great liberality. Arguments were frequently held with him and others on religious subjects, people being anxious to convert our traveller; but the German Doctor of Philosophy and Laws was a match for the Mahometan casuists, though at times he adopted odd lines of argument.

"Meanwhile Sidi Mohammed had made a serious attack upon my religion, and called me always a Kafir. But I told him that I was a real Moslim, the pure Islam, the true worship of the one God, dating from the time of Adam, and not from the time of Mohammed; and that thus, while adhering to the principle of the unity, and the most spiritual and sublime nature, of the Divine Being, I was a Moslim, professing the real Islam, although not adopting the worldly statutes of Mohammed, who, in every thing that contained a general truth, only followed the principles established long before his time. I likewise added, that even they themselves regarded Plato and Aristotle as Moslemin, and that thus I myself was to be regarded as a Moslim, in a much stricter sense than these two Pagan philosophers. I concluded by stating that the greater part of those who called themselves Moslemin did not deserve that name at all, but ought rather to be called Mohammedan, such as we named them, because they had raised their prophet above the Deity itself.

"Being rather irritated and exasperated by the frequent attacks of Sidi Mohammed and Alawate, I delivered my speech with great fervor and animation; and when I had concluded, Sidi Mohammed, who could not deny that the Kuran itself states that Islam dates from the creation of mankind, was not able to say a word in his defence. As for El Bakay,

he was greatly delighted at this clear exposition of my religious principles, but his younger brother, who certainly possessed a considerable degree of knowledge in religious matters, stated, in opposition to my argument, that the Caliphs El Harun and Mamun, who had the books of Plato and Aristotle translated into Arabic, were Metazila, that is to say, heretics, and not true Moslem; but this assertion of course I did not admit, although much might be said in favor of my opponent."

This was the north wind of the fable. The sun of the Sheikh El Bakay, was more influential, and touched the Doctor through æsthetic principles.

"On the 21st December, we again went in the afternoon to the tents. For the first time since my arrival in this town I rode my own stately charger, which, having remained so many months in the stable, feeding upon the nutritive grass of the byrgu, had so completely recruited his strength that in my desperately weak state I was scarcely able to manage him. The desert presented a highly interesting spectacle. A considerable stream, formed by the river, poured its waters with great force into the valleys and depressions of this sandy region, and gave an appearance of truth to the fabulous statement of thirty-six rivers flowing through this tract. After a few hours' repose, I was able to keep up a long conversation with the sheikh in the evening about Paradise and the divine character of the Kuran. This time our stay at the tents afforded more opportunity than usual for interesting conversation, and bore altogether a more religious character, my protector being anxious to convince his friends and followers of the depth of the faith of the Christians; and I really lamented that circumstances did not allow me to enter so freely into the details of the creed of these people, and to make myself acquainted with all its characteristics, as I should have liked.

"Part of the day the sheikh read and recited to his pupils chapters from the hadith of Bokhari, while his young son repeated his lesson aloud from the Kuran, and in the evening several surat or chapters of the holy book were beautifully chanted by the pupils till a late hour of the night. There was nothing more charming to me than to hear these beautiful verses chanted by sonorous voices in this open desert country, round the evening fire, with nothing to disturb the sound, which softly reverberated from the slope of the sandy downs opposite. A Christian must have been a witness to such scenes in order to treat with justice the Mohammedans and their creed."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days." It is somewhat similar with books. Here are two strange instances of English publications travelling through the centre of Africa, though the life of Bruce was not found at Timbuctoo, but well down the Niger on the homeward journey.

"At other times again, [El Bakay] taking out of his small library the Arabic version of Hippocrates, which he valued extremely, he was very anxious for information as to the identity of the plants mentioned by the Arab authors. This volume of Hippocrates had been a present from Captain Clapperton to Sultan Bello of Sokoto, from whom my friend had received it among other articles as an acknowledgment of his learning. I may assert, with full confidence, that those few books taken by the gallant Scotch Captain into Central Africa, have had a greater effect in reconciling the men of authority in Africa to the character of Europeans, than the most costly present ever made to them; and I hope, therefore, that gifts like these may not be looked upon grudgingly by people who would otherwise object to do any thing which might seem to favor Mohammedanism.

"I even, to my great astonishment, found here, with one of the Kel e' Suk, the life of Bruce, published by Murray in 1835, and which most probably had been the property of Davidson, the Kel e' Suk having brought it from Azawad, where it had been taken by Hamma, a younger brother of El Bakay, who, about the time of Davidson's journey, had paid a visit to Tawat and the country of the Arib. It was almost complete, only ten leaves being wanting, and I bought it for three benaig, or strips of indigo-dyed cotton. It had been used as a talisman, an Arabic charm having been added to it."

Notwithstanding the bulk of Dr. Barth's book, he is not really to be considered as an author or even a narrator; but as a traveller and discoverer. In the first character he is entitled to the very highest praise for his patient firmness and resolute perseverance under the numerous forms of difficulty which even now beset the African explorer. From the constant danger of wanton murder which attended the earlier adventurers he might be free. The English influence at Tripoli—the fame of European power and prowess operating across the desert have rendered the chiefs of Central Africa fearful of offending they know not what, and disposed them to

furnish such protection as they can; but the risk of ignorant and fanatical violence still remains. The sufferings from climate and its diseases no power can guard against; hardships, fatigue, poor and scanty fare, with the want of all stimulants and often of all condiments, even to salt, as well as the depressing sense of solitude and isolation that come over the lonely traveller, will have to be submitted to till philanthropy has civilized Central Africa. All these things were borne by Dr. Barth, not so much bravely or unrepiningly, but as things of course—"as one in suffering all that suffers nothing." We hear of heat, or hunger, or thirst, as facts; we are told he is stricken down by fever, but we have no lamentations over his pains. If his patience gives way with ignorance, weakness of purpose, loss of time where the value of time is utterly unknown, it is towards the close of his journey, when one of his great objects was accomplished, and he was naturally chafed by petty impediments to his return.

As a discoverer Dr. Barth is rather to be ranked as an elucidator of what was already conjectured than a finder out of the unknown. The general course of the Niger between Timbuctoo and Rabbah ($9^{\circ} 13'$ of north latitude $4^{\circ} 58'$ of east longitude), to which Macgregor Laird's Expedition, ascended nearly five and twenty years ago, was pretty correctly inferred, though it could not be laid down with the accuracy of our present knowledge. The existence of the great southern branch of the Niger—the Tchada, Shary, Benuwe, or whatever name you call it was well known. Lander had struck it; Macgregor Laird ascended it; what Dr. Barth did was to ascertain its course more accurately; though much still remains to be done in settling the nature of the African waters between the 8th and 12th degrees of north latitude. Dr. Barth's most original discoveries extend to the south and east of Lake Tchad; but his mode of travel (with a slave-hunting force) necessarily rendered his observations general if not vague. We do not entertain so favorable an opinion of the practical results to commerce and African civilization that are to spring from these discoveries as Dr. Barth

and many people. The capacity of a country to produce, and the actual extent of its productions, are two very different things. The last depends upon habits of labor, steady industry, some skill and some capital. All these are very deficient along the region of the Niger, and more or less so in Central Negroland. What is worse, there is neither peace, nor security for property and life, or even the prospect of them. Forty years ago Timbuctoo seems to have been under a government, irregular and tyrannical, but still a government. About the same time Denham and Capperon found the two great kingdoms of Bornu and Sakato under powerful rulers, who maintained a sort of order and justice whence sprung a certain degree of prosperity. Now all has vanished. Timbuctoo has no ruler; two chiefs of feeble character and shorn power nominally represent the Sultans of Sakato and Bornu; but districts have coolly withdrawn their allegiance, or are in open revolt; while every man with influence to raise a following sets out on a marauding or slave-hunting expedition. In fact it is the regular resource for a "gentleman in diff." A friend of Dr. Barth's—an excellent man, was compelled to plan a slave-hunt to pay his *just* debts. In such a state commerce has declined or dwindled away, poverty and often misery extensively increased. We are not opposed to another attempt to ascend the Niger as a matter of geographical exploration, and with a view to open up further trade; but any large results in this last direction will be we fear of slow growth.

The present like the former volumes contains plates which by form and color at all events convey to the eye an idea of some of the more striking scenery that the traveller met with. Maps exhibit Dr. Barth's discoveries in detail, as well as the region of Africa in which his explorations were carried on. An appendix to each volume contains a variety of special subjects including an Arabic poem of the author's protector, Sheikh El Bokay, uttered in his defence when he was threatened by the Fulan of Masina, and a translation.

From The Times, 22 September.

MEMORIAL TO SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS BY LORD BROUGHAM.

GRANTHAM, Tuesday, September, 21, 1858.
—Lincolnshire enjoys the proud distinction of having given to the world the illustrious mathematician and philosopher, Sir Isaac Newton—justly described as “the greatest genius of the human race”—who was born at the manor-house of Woolthorpe, a hamlet eight miles from this town, on Christmas Day, 1642. Sir Isaac was a posthumous child, his father having died, at a comparatively early age, some three months before the birth of a son whose reputation will endure “to the last syllable of recorded time.” Mrs. Newton re-married, and the embryo philosopher seems to have remained under the care of his maternal grandmother and uncle until he attained the age of twelve, when he was sent to the grammar-school at Grantham. While at school he displayed an extraordinary inclination for mechanics, and busied himself, during the time devoted by his schoolmates to play, in making models of various kinds, chiefly clocks and sundials, one of the latter of which is still to be seen carved upon the walls of the old manor-house at Woolthorpe. He was entered, in 1661, at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was fortunate enough to secure the friendship of the learned Dr. Isaac Barrow, who had been elected Greek Professor in 1660, and who became Lucasian Professor in 1663. In the autumn of 1667 Newton was elected a minor fellow; on the 16th of March, 1668, he was elected a major fellow; and on the 29th of October, 1669, he was appointed Lucasian Professor, in the room of Dr. Barrow, who is said to have resigned with a view to his appointment, and from this period may be dated the development of those wonderful scientific discoveries which have given him a world-wide and time-enduring reputation. It is unnecessary to trace further the career of this great philosopher, over whose giant intellect a sad cloud subsequently passed, but who died at a green old age, in his 85th year, but un-married, on the 20th of March, 1727.

The relations of Sir Isaac, who inherited his personal estate, devoted the sum of £500 to the erection of a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey, but in his case the proverb that a prophet is honored every-

where save in his own country and among his own people, has, until recently, been verified. Some three or four years ago, however, the inhabitants, or the Town Council, of Grantham, bethought themselves that some ornament was required for a vacant space of ground which is styled St. Peter's Hill, though it seems to be little, if at all, above the dead level of the Lincolnshire fens. It was suggested, and the suggestion was favorably received, that the most appropriate ornament would be a monument to the memory of a man whose early career was so closely identified with the town and neighborhood, and whose researches had conferred an eternal benefit upon mankind. A committee was formed to carry out this object, and Mr. Thomas Winter, a member of the Town Council—to whose untiring zeal and energy its successful accomplishment is, we believe, mainly attributable—undertook to act as the honorary secretary. Mr. Winter at once placed himself in communication with Lord Rosse, Lord Brougham, and other gentlemen of distinction in the literary and scientific world, who evinced a warm interest in the success of the scheme. Under these auspices the project received the sanction of the Royal Society, and the patronage of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, who aided the fund by a subscription of £100. A general meeting of the subscribers was held in 1854, at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, during the *séance* in that town of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, when it was resolved that the memorial should be a bronze statue, and its execution was intrusted by the Committee of Selection to Mr. William Theed, the result of whose labors is not only creditable to himself, but not unworthy of the great philosopher whose memory it perpetuates. A detailed description of the statue appeared in the *Times* of Thursday last. The likeness of Sir Isaac is copied from the mask of his face taken after death, and from a portrait bust by Roubilliac. It represents him in the costume of the period, and in the gown of a Master of Arts, in the act of lecturing. The figure is nearly thirteen feet high, weighing upwards of two tons, and about half the quantity of the material of which it is composed was presented in the shape of old gun metal, by her Majesty's government. The statue was cast at the foundry of Messrs. Robinson & Cottam,

of Pimlico, and as a specimen of clean casting, with sharp outline, does them high credit. The figure stands upon a pedestal of Anglesey marble, designed by Mr. Theed, and cut by Mr. Rogers, of Park Hill. The total height of the pedestal and figure is twenty-seven feet, and its cost is £1,630, of which £600 was contributed by the inhabitants of Grantham and the neighborhood.

From an early hour this morning visitors poured into the town to witness the inauguration of the statue. The interest which such a ceremony would have excited under ordinary circumstances was increased by the announcement that the inaugural address would be delivered by Lord Brougham, whose devotion to philosophical investigations especially qualified him for such an important duty. The noble and learned lord, who has just completed his 80th year, and upon whose physical vigor time has made comparatively slight inroads, while his mental energy, as will be evident to those who peruse his address, remains unimpaired, arrived at Grantham early in the morning, and was received at the Grammar-school by the Mayor (Mr. J. L. Ostler), the Recorder (Mr. W. H. Roberts), the Bishop of Lincoln, Mr. M. Milnes, M. P., Sir J. Trollope, M. P., Mr. A. Wilson, M. P., the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge (Dr. Whewell), Professor Owen, Mr. W. Fairbairn, Dr. Lee, Sir E. Cust, Sir J. Rennie, Sir B. Brodie, Mr. C. Turnor, Colonel Fane, Major Moore, Sir J. Thorold, the members of the Corporation, and other gentlemen. A procession was then formed, headed by the band of the South Lincolnshire militia, which proceeded through Church Terrace, Vine street and High street, to St. Peter's Hill, where a vast crowd of spectators was assembled—the privileged visitors occupying seats upon platforms erected on the open space surrounding the statue. Lord Brougham—for whom a chair, formerly belonging to Sir I. Newton, was placed upon a *dais* in front of the statue—was greeted with loud and reiterated applause. At a signal from Mr. Winter the veil which concealed the statue from public view was withdrawn, amid general cheering, and the band played the National Anthem, all the Company standing.

Lord Brougham then delivered the following address, which was listened to with marked attention, and was frequently applauded:

THE ADDRESS OF LORD BROUGHAM.

To record the names and preserve the memory of those whose great achievements in science, in arts, or in arms, have conferred benefits and lustre upon our kind, has in all ages been regarded as a duty and felt as a gratification by wise and reflecting men. The desire of inspiring an ambition to emulate such examples generally mingles itself with these sentiments; but they cease not to operate even in the rare instances of transcendent merit, where matchless genius excludes all possibility of imitation, and nothing remains but wonder in those who contemplate its triumphs at a distance that forbids all attempts to approach. We are this day assembled to commemorate him of whom the consent of nations has declared that he is chargeable with nothing like a follower's exaggeration or local partiality, who pronounces the name of Newton as that of the greatest genius ever bestowed by the bounty of Providence for instructing mankind on the frame of the universe, and the laws by which it is governed:

"Qui genus humanum ingenio superavit, et
omnes
Restinxit; stellas exortus uti aetheris sol."
—Luc.

"In genius, who surpassed mankind as far
As does the mid-day sun the midnight star."
—Dryden.

But, though scaling these lofty heights be hopeless, yet there is some use and much gratification in contemplating by what steps he ascended. Tracing his course of action may help others to gain the lower eminences lying within their reach, while admiration excited and curiosity satisfied are frames of mind both wholesome and pleasing. Nothing new, it is true, can be given in narrative, hardly any thing in reflection, less still perhaps in comment or illustration; but it is well to assemble in one view various parts of the vast subject, with the surrounding circumstances, whether accidental or intrinsic, and to mark in passing the misconceptions raised by individual ignorance or national prejudice, which the historians of science occasionally finds crossing the path. The remark is common and is obvious, that the genius of Newton did not manifest itself at a very early age. His faculties were not, like those of some great and many ordinary individuals, precociously developed. Among the former, Clairaut stand preëminent, who at nineteen

years of age presented to the Royal Academy a memoir of great originality upon a difficult subject in the higher geometry, and at eighteen published his great work on curves of double curvature, composed during the two preceding years. Pascal, too, at sixteen, wrote an excellent treatise on conic sections. That Newton cannot be ranked in this respect with those extraordinary persons is owing to the accidents which prevented him from entering upon mathematical study before his eighteenth year; and then a much greater marvel was wrought than even the Clairants and the Pascals displayed. His earliest history is involved in some obscurity, and the most celebrated of men has, in this particular, been compared to the most celebrated of rivers (the Nile), as if the course of both in its feeble state had been concealed from mortal eyes. We have it, however, well ascertained that within four years, between the ages eighteen and twenty-two, he had begun to study mathematic science, and had taken his place among its greatest masters; learnt for the first time the elements of geometry and analysis, and discovered a calculus which entirely changed the face of the science, effecting a complete revolution in that and in every branch of philosophy connected with it. Before 1661 he had not read *Euclid*; in 1665 he had committed to writing the method of fluxions. At twenty-five years of age he had discovered the law of gravitation, and laid the foundation of celestial dynamics, the science created by him. Before ten years had elapsed he added to his discoveries that of the fundamental properties of light. So brilliant a course of discovery in so short a time, changing and reconstructing analytical, astronomical, and optical science, almost defies belief. The statement could only be deemed possible by an appeal to the incontrovertible evidence that proves it strictly true. By a rare felicity these doctrines gained the universal assent of mankind as soon as they were clearly understood; and their originality has never been seriously called in question. Some doubts having been raised respecting his inventing the calculus—doubts raised in consequence of his so long withholding the publication of his method—no sooner was the inquiry instituted than the evidence produced proved so decisive that all men in all countries acknowledged him to have been by several years the earliest inventor, and Leibnitz,

at the utmost, the first publisher, the only questions raised being, first, whether or not he had borrowed from Newton; and next, whether, as second inventor, he could have any merit at all,—both which questions have long since been decided in favor of Leibnitz. But undeniable though it be that Newton made the great steps of this progress, and made them without any anticipation or participation by others, it is equally certain that there had been approaches in former times by preceding philosophers to the same discoveries. Cavalleri, by his *Geometry of Indivisibles* (1635), Roberval, by his *Method of Tangents* (1637), had both given solutions which Descartes could not attempt; and it is remarkable that Cavalleri regarded curves as polygons, surfaces as composed of lines, while Roberval viewed geometrical quantities as generated by motion; so that the one approached to the differential calculus, the other to fluxions; and Fermat, in the interval between them, comes still nearer the great discovery by his determination of *maxima* and *minima*, and his drawing of tangents. More recently Hudden had made public similar methods invented by Schœtin; and what is material, treating the subject algebraically, while those just now mentioned had rather dealt with it geometrically. It is thus easy to perceive how near an approach had been made to the calculus before the great event of its final discovery. There had in like manner been approaches made to the law of gravitation, and the dynamical system of the universe. Galileo's important propositions on motion, especially on the curvilinear motion, and Kepler's laws upon the elliptical form of the planetary orbits, the proportion of the areas to the times, and of the periodic times to the mean distances; and Huygens's theorems on centrifugal forces had been followed by still nearer approaches to the doctrine of attraction. Borelli had distinctly ascribed the motion of the satellites to their being drawn towards the principal planets, and thus prevented from flying off by the centrifugal force. Even the composition of white light, and the different action of bodies upon its component parts, had been vaguely conjectured by Ant. de Dominis, Archbishop of Spalatro, at the beginning, and more precisely in the middle of the seventeenth century by Marcus (Kronland, of Prague), unknown to Newton, who only refers to the

Archbishop's work; while the treatise of Huygen's light, Grimaldi's observation on colors by inflexion, as well as on the elongation of the image in the prismatic spectrum, had been brought to his attention, although much less near to his own great discovery than Marcus's experiment. But all this only shows that the discoveries of Newton, great and rapid as were the steps by which they advanced our knowledge, yet obeyed the law of continuity, or rather of gradual progress, which governs all human approaches towards perfection. The limited nature of man's faculties precludes the possibility of his ever reaching at once the utmost excellence of which they are capable. Survey the whole circle of the sciences, and trace the history of our progress in each, you find this to be the universal rule. In chymical philosophy the dreams of the Alchemists prepared the way for the more rational, though erroneous, theory of Stahl; and it was by repeated improvements that his errors, so long prevalent, were at length exploded, giving place to the sound doctrine which is now established. The great discoveries of Black and Priestly, on heat and aeriform fluids, had been preceded by the happy conjectures of Newton and the experiments of others. Nay, Voltaire had well nigh discovered the absorption of heat, the constitution of the atmosphere, and the oxidation of metals; and by a few more trials might have ascertained it. Cuvier had been preceded by inquirers who took sound views of fossil osteology, among whom the truly original genius of Hunter fills the foremost place. The inductive system of Bacon had been at least in its practice, known to his predecessors. Observations and even experiments were not unknown to the ancient philosophers, though mingled with gross errors; in early times, almost in the dark ages, experimental inquiries had been carried on with success by Friar Bacon, and that method actually recommended in a treatise, as it was two centuries later by Leonardo da Vinci, and at the latter end of the next century Gilbert examined the whole subject of magnetic action entirely by experiments. So that Lord Bacon's claim to be regarded as the father of modern philosophy rests upon the important, the invaluable step of reducing to a system the method of investigation adopted by those eminent men, generalizing it, and extending its application to all matters of contingent

truth; exploding the errors, the absurd dogmas, and fantastic subtleties of the ancient schools, above all, confining the subject of our inquiry, and the manner of conducting it, within the limits which our faculties prescribe.

Nor is this great law of gradual progress confined to the physical sciences; in the moral it equally governs. Before the foundations of political economy were laid by Hume and Smith a great step had been made by the French philosophers, disciples of Quenau; but a nearer approach to sound principles had signalized the labors of Gournay, and those labors had been shared and his doctrines patronized by Turgôt when Chief Minister. Again, in constitutional policy, see by what slow degrees, from its first rude elements, the attendance of feudal tenants at their lord's court, and the summons of burghers to grant supplies of money, the great discovery of modern times in the science of practical politics has been effected, the representative scheme which enables states of any extent to enjoy popular government and allows mixed monarchy to be established, combining freedom with order—a plan pronounced by the statesmen and writers of antiquity to be of hardly possible formation, and wholly impossible continuance. The globe itself, as well as the science of its inhabitants, has been explored according to the law which forbids a sudden and rapid leaning forward, and decrees that each successive step, prepared by the last, shall facilitate the next. Even Columbus followed several successful discoverers on a smaller scale, and is by some believed to have had, unknown to him, a predecessor in the great exploit by which he pierced the night of ages, and unfolded a new world to the eyes of the old. The arts afford no exception to the general law. Demosthenes had eminent forerunners, Pericles the last of them. Homer must have had predecessors of great merit, though doubtless as far surpassed by him as Fra Bartolomeo and Pietro Perugino were by Michael Angelo and Raphael. Dante owed much to Virgil; he may be allowed to have owed, through his Latin Mentor, not a little to the old Grecian; and Milton had both the orators and the poets of the ancient world for his predecessors and his masters. The art of war itself is no exception to the rule. The plan of bringing an overpowering force to bear on a given point had been tried occa-

sionally before Frederick II. reduced it to a system; and the Wellingtons and Napoleons of our own day made it the foundation of their strategy as it had also been previously the mainspring of our naval tactics. It has oftentimes been held that the invention of logarithms stands alone in the history of science, as having been proceeded by no step leading towards the discovery. There is, however, great inaccuracy in this statement, for not only was the doctrine of infinitesimals familiar to its illustrious author, and the relation of geometrical to arithmetical series well known, but he had himself struck out several methods of great ingenuity and utility (as that known by the name of Napier's Bones)—methods that are now forgotten, eclipsed as they were by the consummation which has immortalized his name. So the inventive powers of Watt, preceded as he was by Worcester and Newcomen, but far more materially by Caus and Papin, had been exercised on some admirable contrivances, now forgotten, before he made the step which created the steam-engine anew—not only the parallel motion, possibly a corollary to the proposition on circular motion in the *Principia*, but the separate condensation, and above all, the governor, perhaps the most exquisite of mechanical inventions; and now we have those here present who apply the like principle to the diffusion of knowledge, aware, as they must be, that its expansion has the same happy effect naturally preventing mischief from its excess which the skill of the great mechanist gave artificially to steam, thus rendering his engine as safe as it is powerful. The grand difference, then, between one discovery or invention and another is in degree rather than in kind; the degree in which a person, while he outstrips those whom he comes after, also lives, as it were, before his age. Nor can any doubt exist that, in this respect, Newton stands at the head of all who have extended the bounds of knowledge. The sciences of dynamics and of optics are especially to be regarded in this point of view; but the former in particular, and the completeness of the system which he unfolded, its having been at first celebrated and given in perfection, its having, however new, stood the test of time, and survived, nay gained by, the most rigorous scrutiny, can be predicated of this system alone, at least in the same degree. That the calculus, and those parts of dynamics

which are purely mathematical, should thus endure forever is a matter of course. But his system of the universe rests partly upon contingent truths, and might have yielded to new experiments and more extended observation. Nay, at times it has been thought to fail, and further investigation was deemed requisite to ascertain if any error had been introduced—if any circumstance had escaped the notice of the great founder. The most memorable instance of this kind is the discrepancy supposed to have been found between the theory and the fact in the motion of the lunar apsides, which about the middle of the last century occupied the three first analysts of the age. The error was discovered by themselves to have been their own in the process of their investigation; and this, like all the other doubts that were ever momentarily entertained, only led in each instance to new and more brilliant triumphs of the system. The prodigious superiority in this cardinal point of the Newtonian to other discoveries, appears manifest upon examining almost any of the chapters in the history of science. Successive improvements have, by extending our views, constantly displaced the system that appeared firmly established. To take a familiar instance, how little remains of Lavoisier's doctrine of combustion and acidification, except the negative positions, the subversion of the system of Stahl! The substance having most eminently the properties of an acid (chlorine) is found to have no oxygen at all, while many substances abounding in oxygen, including alkalis themselves, have no acid property whatever; and without the access of oxygenous or of any other gas heat and flame are produced in excess. The doctrines of free trade had not long been promulgated by Smith before Bentham demonstrated that his exception of usury was groundless; and his theory has been repeatedly proved erroneous on colonial establishments, as well as his exception to it on the navigation laws; and the imperfection of his views on the nature of rent is undeniable, as well as on the principle of population. In these and such instances as these it would not be easy to find in the original doctrines the means of correcting subsequent errors, or the germs of extended discovery. But even if philosophers finally adopt the undulatory theory of light instead of the atomic, it must be borne in mind that Newton gave the first elements of it by

the well-known proposition in the 8th section of the Second Book of the *Principia*, the scholium to that section also indicating his expectation that it would be applied to optical science; while M. Brot has shown how the doctrine of fits of reflection and transmission tallies with polarization, if not with undulation also.

But the most marvellous attribute of Newton's discoveries is that in which they stand out prominent among all the other feats of scientific research, stamped with the peculiarity of his intellectual character; they were, their great author lived before his age, anticipating in part what was long after wholly accomplished, and thus unfolding some things which at the time could be but imperfectly, others not at all comprehended, and not rarely pointing out the path and affording the means of treading it, to the ascertainment of truths then veiled in darkness. He not only enlarged the actual dominion of knowledge, penetrating to regions never before explored, and taken with a firm hand undisputed possession; but he showed how the bounds of the visible horizon might be yet further extended, and enabled his successors to occupy what he could only desecry; as the illustrious discoverer of the new world made the inhabitants of the old cast their eyes over lands and seas far distant from those he had traversed, lands and seas of which they could form to themselves no conception, any more then they had been able to comprehend the course by which he led them on his grand enterprise. In this achievement, and in the qualities which alone made it possible, inexhaustible fertility of resources, patience unsubdued, close meditation that would suffer no distraction, steady determination to pursue paths that seemed all but hopeless, and unflinching courage to declare the truths they led to, how far soever removed from ordinary apprehension—in these characteristics of high and original genius we may be permitted to compare the career of those great men. But Columbus did not invent the mariner's compass as Newton did the instrument which guided his course and enabled him to make his discoveries, and his successors to extend them by closely following his directions in using it. Nor did the compass suffice to the great navigator without making any observations, though he dared to steer without a chart; while it is certain that by the philosopher's instrument his discover-

ies were extended over the whole system of the universe, determining the masses, the forms and the motions of all parts by the mere inspection of abstract calculations and formulas analytically deduced. The two great improvements in this instrument which have been made—the calculus of variations by Euler and Lagrange, the method of partial differences by d'Alembert—we have every reason to believe were known at least in part to Newton himself. His having solved an isoperimetrical problem (finding the line whose revolution forms the solid of least resistance) shows clearly that he must have made the co-ordinates of the generating curve vary, and his construction agrees exactly with the equation given by that calculus. That he must have tried the process of integrating by parts in attempting to generalize the universe problem of central forces before he had recourse to the geometrical approximation which he has given, and also when he sought the means of ascertaining the comet's path, which he has termed by far the most difficult of problems, is eminently probable, when we consider how naturally that method flows from the ordinary process for differentiating compound quantities, by supposing each variable in succession constant; in short, differentiating by parts. As to the calculus of variations having substantially been known to him no doubt can be entertained. Again: in estimating the ellipticity of the earth, he proceeded upon the assumption of a proposition, of which he gave no demonstration, (any more than he had done of the isoperimetrical problem,) that the ratio of the centrifugal force to gravitation determines the ellipticity. Half a century later, that which no one before knew to be true, which many probably considered to be erroneous, was examined by one of his most distinguished followers, Maclaurin, and demonstrated most satisfactorily to be true. Newton had not failed to perceive the necessary effects of gravitation in producing other phenomena besides the regular motion of the planets and their satellites in their course round their several centres of attraction. One of these phenomena, wholly unsuspected before the discovery of the general law, is the alternate movement to and fro of the earth's axes, in consequence of the solar (and also of the lunar) attraction combined with the earth's motion. This libration, or nutation, distinctly announced by him as the result of the

theory, was not found by actual observation to exist till fifty years and upwards had elapsed, when Bradley proved the fact. The great discoveries which have been made by Lagrange and La Place upon the results of disturbing forces have established the law of periodical variation of orbits, which secures the stability of the system by prescribing a *maximum* and *minimum* amount of deviation; and this is not a contingent, but a necessary truth, by rigorous demonstration, the inevitable result undoubted *data* in point of fact, the eccentricities of the orbits, the directions of the motions, and the movement in one plane of a certain position.

That wonderful proposition of Newton, which, with its corollaries, may be said to give the whole doctrine of disturbing forces, has been little more than applied and extended by the labors of succeeding geometricians. Indeed, La Place, struck with wonder at one of his comprehensive general statements in disturbing forces in another proposition, has not hesitated to assert that it contains the germs of Lagrange's celebrated inquiry exactly a century after the *Principia* was given to the world. The wonderful powers of generalization, combined with the boldness of never shrinking from a conclusion that seemed the legitimate result of his investigations—how new and even startling soever it might appear—was strikingly shown in that memorable inference which he drew from optical phenomena, that the diamond is "an unctuous substance coagulated;" subsequent discoveries having proved both that such substances are carbonaceous, and that the diamond is crystalized carbon; and the foundations of mechanical chemistry were laid by him with the boldest induction and most felicitous anticipations of what has since been effected. The solution of the inverse problem of disturbing forces has led Le Verrier and Adams to the discovery of a new planet, merely by deductions from the manner in which the motions of an old one are affected, and its orbit has been so calculated that observers could find it—nay, its disc as measured by them only varies 1-1,200 of a degree from the amount given by the theory. Moreover, when Newton gave his estimate of the earth's density, he wrote a century before Maskelyne, and, by measuring the force of gravitation in the Scotch mountains, gave the proportion to water as 4,716 to 1; and, many years after,

by experiments with mechanical apparatus, Cavendish (1798) corrected this to 5,48, and Baily, more recently (1842) to 5,66, Newton having given the proportion as between five and six times. In these instances he only showed the way and anticipated the result of future inquiry by his followers. But the oblate figure of the earth affords an example of the same kind, with this difference, that here, he has himself perfected the discovery and nearly completed the demonstration. From the mutual gravitation of the particles which form its mass, combined with their motion round its axis, he deduced the proposition that it must be flattened at the poles; and he calculated the proportion of its polar to its equatorial diameter. By a most refined process he gave this proportion upon the supposition of the mass being homogeneous. That the proportion is different in consequence of the mass being heterogeneous does not in the least affect the soundness of his conclusion. Accurate measurements of a degree of latitude in the equatorial and polar regions, with experiments on the force of gravitation in those regions, by the different length of a pendulum vibrating seconds, have shown that the excess of the equatorial diameter is about eleven miles less than he had deduced it from the theory; and thus that the globe is not homogeneous. But on the assumption of a fluid mass, the ground of his hydrostatical investigation, his proportion of 229 to 230 remains unshaken, and is precisely the one adopted and reasoned from by La Place, after all the improvements and all the discoveries of later times. Surely at this we may well stand amazed, if not awe-struck. A century of study, of improvement, of discovery, has passed away, and we find La Place master of all the new resources of the calculus, and occupying the heights to which the labors of Euler, Clairant, D'Alembert, and Lagrange have enabled us to ascend, adopting the Newtonian fraction of 1-230 as the accurate solution of this speculative problem. New admeasurements have been undertaken upon a vast scale, patronized by the munificence of rival governments—new experiments have been performed with approved apparatus of exquisite delicacy—new observations have been accumulated, with glasses far exceeding any powers possessed by the resources of optics in the days of him to whom the science of optics as well as dynamics owes its origin; the theory

and the fact have thus been compared and reconciled together in more perfect harmony; but that theory has remained unimproved, and the great principle of gravitation, with its most sublime results, now stands in the attitude, and of the dimensions, and with the symmetry which both the law and its application received at once from the mighty hand of its immortal author. But the contemplation of Newton's discoveries raises other feelings than wonder at his matchless genius. The light with which it shines is not more dazzling than useful. The difficulties of his course and his expedients, alike copious and refined for surmounting them, exercise the faculties of the wise while commanding their admiration. But the results of his investigations, often abstruse, are truths so grand and comprehensive, yet so plain, that they both captivate and instruct the simple. The gratitude, too, which they inspire, and the veneration with which they encircle his name, far from tending to obstruct future improvement, only proclaim his disciples the zealous because rational followers of one whose example both encouraged and enabled his successors to make further progress. How unlike the blind devotion to a master which for so many ages of the modern world paralyzed the energies of the human mind!—

"Had we still paid that homage to a name
Which only God and Nature justly claim,
The western seas had been our utmost bound,
The poets still might dream the sun was
drown'd,
And all the stars that shine in southern skies
Had been admired by none but savage eyes."

Nor let it be imagined that the feelings of wonder excited by contemplating the achievements of this great man are in any degree whatever the result of national partiality, and confined to the country which glories in having given him birth. The language which expresses her veneration is equalled, perhaps exceeded, by that in which other nations give utterance to theirs; not merely by the general voice, but by the well-considered and well-informed judgment of the masters of science. Leibnitz, when asked at the royal table in Berlin his opinion of Newton, said that, "taking mathematicians from the beginning of the world to the time when Newton lived, what he had done was much the better half." "The *Principia* will ever remain a monument of the profound genius which revealed

to us the greatest law of the universe" are the words of La Place. "That work stands preëminent above all the other productions of the human mind." "The discovery of that simple and general law, by the greatness and the variety of the objects which it embraces, confers honor upon the intellect of man." Lagrange, we are told by D'Alembert, was wont to describe Newton as the greatest genius that ever existed, but to add how fortunate he was also, "because there can only once be found a system of the universe to establish." "Never," says the father of the Institute of France—one filling a high place among the most eminent of its members—"Never," said M. Biot, "was the supremacy of intellect so justly established and so fully confessed. In mathematical and in experimental science without an equal and without an example, combining the genius for both in its highest degree." The *Principia* he terms the greatest work ever produced by the mind of man, adding, in the words of Halley, "that a nearer approach to the Divine nature has not been permitted to mortals." "In first giving to the world Newton's method of fluxions," says Fontenelle, "Leibnitz did like Prometheus—he stole fire from Heaven to bestow it upon men." "Does Newton," L'Hopital asked, "sleep and wake like other men? I figure him to myself as a celestial genius, entirely disengaged from matter." To so renowned a benefactor of the world, thus exalted to the loftiest place by the common consent of all men—one whose life, without the intermission of an hour, was passed in the search after truths the most important, and at whose hands the human race had only received good, never evil—no memorial has been raised by those nations which erected statues to the tyrants and conquerors, the scourges of mankind, whose lives were passed, not in the pursuit of truth, but the practice of falsehood; or across whose lips, if truth ever chanced to stray towards some selfish end, it surely failed to obtain belief; who, to slake their insane thirst of power or of preëminence, trampled on the rights and squandered the blood of their fellow-creatures; whose course, like the lightning, blasted while it dazzled; and who, reversing the Roman Emperor's noble regret, deemed the day lost that saw the sun go down upon their forbearance—no victim deceived, or be-

trayed, or oppressed. That the worshippers of such pestilent genius should consecrate to the memory of the most illustrious of men no outward symbol of the admiration they so freely confessed, is not matter of wonder. But that his own countrymen, justly proud of having lived in his time, should have left this duty to their successors, after a century and a half of professed veneration and lip homage, may well be deemed strange. The inscription upon the cathedral, masterpiece of his celebrated friend's architecture, may possibly be applied in defence of this neglect: "If you seek for a monument, look around." "If you seek for a monument, lift up your eyes to the heavens, which show forth his fame." Nor, when we recollect the Greek orator's exclamation, "The whole earth is the monument of illustrious men," can we stop short of declaring that the whole universe is Newton's. Yet in raising the statue which preserves his likeness, near the place of his birth, on the spot where his prodigious faculties were unfolded and trained, we at once gratify our honest pride as citizens of the same State, and humbly testify our grateful sense of the Divine goodness which deigned to bestow upon our race one so marvellously gifted to comprehend the works of Infinite Wisdom, and so piously resolved to make all his study of them the source of religious contemplations, both philosophical and sublime.

At the conclusion of the noble and learned lord's address he was presented by the Mayor with a copy of Newton's *Principia*, and the invited visitors then proceeded to the Exchange Rooms, where a substantial *déjeuner* had been provided. The Mayor presided, and was supported by Lord Brougham, the Bishop of Lincoln, and the gentlemen who have been mentioned as present at the inauguration of the statue.

At the conclusion of the repast, the usual loyal toasts having been honored,

The Bishop of Lincoln, in acknowledging the toast of "The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese," expressed his satisfaction at having been enabled to join in doing honor to the

memory of a philosopher to whose researches and to whose example the cause of truth was so much indebted.

"The immortal memory of Newton," was given by the Mayor, and was drank in silence.

The Mayor then proposed "The health of Lord Brougham," eulogizing the noble and learned lord's exertions for the abolition of slavery, the extension of education, and the reformation of the law.

Lord Brougham, in returning thanks, expressed his gratification at the gathering they had witnessed that day, people having assembled from all parts of the country, without any inducement of interest, or any factious or sectarian feeling, simply to testify their honest and heartfelt pride that the country which gave them birth had produced the greatest genius which had ever existed—a man whose talents had never been exercised but for the extension of truth, for the instruction of mankind, and with a view to illustrate the wisdom and power of the Creator. [Cheers.] The noble and learned lord gave "The Committee of Selection," the toast being acknowledged by

Sir E. Cust, who expressed his opinion that a system of competition, similar to that which has been acted upon in the present instance, would conduce to the improvement of art and to the interests of artists. After warmly eulogizing the work of Mr. Theed, he proposed the health of that gentleman, who briefly returned thanks.

Several other toasts were given, and among them "The Master of Trinity College," proposed by Sir J. Trollope, which was acknowledged by

Dr. Whewell, who observed that the University of Cambridge, and Trinity College especially, had always manifested the most vivid and active sympathy in the speculations and the fame of Newton, and that Trinity possessed a statue of the philosopher which commanded the universal admiration of sculptors.

From The National Intelligencer.

OUR RELATIONS WITH CHINA.

A FRIEND in Philadelphia has obligingly transmitted to us, with the request that we should insert in the Intelligencer, the subjoined interesting narrative of the events connected with the recent negotiations in China, which, under the conduct of Mr. Reed, our able Minister in that country, have been brought to so successful an issue in the conclusion of a favorable commercial treaty. This narrative, we may say, on the authority of the gentleman through whom we receive it, "proceeds from a reliable quarter, and is doubtless no less an accurate than a well-written statement of the doings of the American negotiator," who, as we were prepared to expect, is here shown to have executed the delicate task with which he was charged in a manner that reflects the highest honor on the discretion and skill which have secured for our country the coveted advantages sought at the hands of this populous Empire, and that without violating in any respect the neutral obligations it was our duty to observe towards a Power embroiled in hostilities with the two leading nations of Europe.

"TIEN-TSIN, JULY 2, 1858.

"As this mail will carry home the Treaty which Mr. Reed has succeeded in making with the Chinese Government, I am tempted, having had some opportunities of close observation, to send you an intelligible account of the course of things here during the past six months. Had I no other reason, I find one in the dependence on this subject of China of our most intelligent newspapers on the London press. No sooner does the clever and very reckless correspondent of the "Times" utter his unworthy sarcasm at American neutrality, and the attitude which a sense of duty, that ought to be intelligible, and the force of circumstances compel our Minister to take, than it is copied with applause by the papers of the United States, and made the basis sometimes of elaborate editorials censuring the policy of our Government, and which are reproduced in the Hong Kong and Shanghai newspapers as expressions of public opinion. Not a word of Mr. Reed's correspondence, that I am aware of, has been given to the public; and yet the 'Times' has denounced 'his sulky solitude on board the Minnesota,' and not a few at home have wondered, if not scolded, that he did not rush pell-mell into the unfortunate war in which Great Britain and France involved themselves. Permit me, by a refer-

ence to a few patient facts, to say how the matter really stands, and how Mr. Reed, in the face of difficulties and perplexities which I suspect have sorely tried his equanimity and good temper, has succeeded so well.

"Let me enliven my story by a description of the place where my letter is dated, and the odd scene that is hourly—for it varies little—before my eyes. Tien-tsin is a large walled city, of 200,000 inhabitants, situated about seventy miles from Peking, and by the river Pei-ho, about sixty miles from the sea, at the confluence of the river and once Grand Canal. If you will take the trouble to take from the shelves those dismal books describing Lord Macartney's and Lord Amherst's Embassies in the days of Duke Ho and the kotau, you will see all about Tien-tsin; for, substituting one multitude of gazing, open-mouthed Chinamen for another, I suspect the Tien-tsin of to-day is the Tien-tsin of sixty years ago. Until now no foreign flag ever flew here, no foreign vessel had ever anchored ten miles above the bar. Four years ago the Allied Powers, represented by Mr. McLane and Sir John Bowring, approached and crossed the bar; and Dr. Parker and Mr. Medhurst were sent to pave the way for diplomatic progress; but November gales and Chinese impassivity defeated it. The time had not come. Now, from the house where I live, what a different scene! In the river in front of the city lie closely anchored a Russian and American steamer, and a line of English gun and dispatch boats. Transversely to this and in the Imperial Canal, where none but mandarin boats ever dared to float before, are one English and three large French men-of-war, several drawing as much as eleven feet of water. Directly in front and on the canal is the joint residence—rather a showy building and once an Imperial stopping place—of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, their ensigns flying over their respective houses and guarded by marines and soldiers. Admiral Seymour's flag-ship, the 'Coromandel,' and Admiral Rigault de Genouilly's, the 'Avalanche,' are close in front. A little further down the stream, on its right bank, are the neighboring houses of the American and Russian Legations. Mr. Reed has with him a small guard of marines and sailors, and has been fortunate to find capital Chinese quarters in a house of tolerable comfort as things go, and the attraction or consolation of a pretty garden. During the heat of the day nothing is stirring except the wonder-stricken Chinese who come to gaze. Towards evening, as a matter of regularity, you may see Mr. Reed in his boat, and Count Pontiatine in his, modestly pulling up the river past the men-of-war to walk in the fields out of town; and Lord Elgin, with a

Chinese pith helmet and costume that would amuse his Scotch tenantry, trudging along on his accustomed stroll.

"Night comes on, and the Chinese go early to bed, (for they have that merit,) and nothing is heard but the bands playing the retreat on board the two flag-ships. If the doorways of the Ministers could be watched, it would be found that the neutral Powers had by far the most visitors. There is scarcely an hour that a chair, with a mandarin, was not in waiting, especially at the Russian's door. For four weeks—one day very like another—has this social condition continued, varied by hospitalities which diplomatic difficulties cannot check, all parties seeming to agree on what Lord Stowell once called the lubricating process of giving good dinners. Such is the scene, and now for the actors and their acts.

"To make this intelligible I must go back to a beginning. Each American Minister in China has come to what seemed something of a crisis, and the character of American diplomacy stands well, and will be better approved the more it is understood. The initiation of our diplomatic relation with China was in Mr. Tyler's time, when Mr. Webster was Secretary of State. The first mission was offered to Mr. Edward Everett, and on his declining it Mr. Cushing was appointed. His career here, as is well known, was short and most successful. He had the good fortune to come after a war and not in the midst of one. Then came Commodore Biddle to exchange ratifications, and after him Mr. A. H. Everett, who died at Canton not long after his arrival, Mr. Davis succeeded, who by common consent did great service in consolidating the judicial functions of his post, and discharging its current duties modestly and well. It was on his arrival in 1848 that the last personal interview occurred in the South between an Imperial and American Commissioner. He was succeeded by Mr. Humphrey Marshall in 1853, the publication of whose dispatches by Congress did great service and proved his eminent ability. He was here when the rebellion was at the full tide of victory. Mr. McLane was here in 1854, visited the rebels at Nanking, and found them inaccessible; and, as I have said, had no better success with the Imperialists at the north, though what he did was very well done. Dr. Parker was then appointed, and there is certainly a concurrent testimony in China to his integrity of purpose and high patriotic motives. His was the evil hour of actual conflict with Yeh and his party at Canton, and it is not to be wondered at that he should have yielded ready assent to affiliation and coöperation with the English. It was very hard to remain neutral.

"Such were the antecedents to Mr. Reed's mission as he began it on his arrival in China in November last. It is all very well for quiet speculators at home to say how easy the duty of keeping your balance is; but any one who was in China last winter can better judge of the difficulty and the merit of success. Every body was in a flame. The merchant was irritated at the interruption of commerce, and laid the blame on the Chinese; losses had been incurred by all parties, and debate ran high as to the propriety of the measures to be adopted to obtain redress. These were substantial grievances. Yeh, in order to dislodge the English and defend the city, had burnt the factories, while they had retaliated by firing the packhouses of the Chinese merchants. Previous to this Admiral Seymour's shells had destroyed some property and the houses of some missionaries; and Secretary Marcy's Greytown doctrine, dexterously adopted by Lord Palmerston, that the assailed party must always pay the damages, made new converts to the war sentiment. The military men were restless, the diplomatic folks were irritable.

"In this excitement Mr. Reed completely maintained his reserve and his independence, and then it was that his "sulky solitude" was prominently denounced. He wrote to Yeh, as he was instructed to do, and Yeh answered him, not at all discourteously, as was asserted, but evasively; and Mr. Reed did not fly into a passion and threaten to fight when he knew he could not. The trials of solitude and inaction are very severe to an active and ambitious man, and Mr. Reed had his share of them for three months after his arrival; but he persevered to the end. Who will not say, looking at the entanglements of Canton, six months after the nominal victory was won, and sees the English and French army and navy engaged in miserable police duty, watching outbreaks, guarding restless officials who will not keep in their places, stricken by disease and the fearful power of the sun—who, seeing all this, will not be grateful that we were not dragged into this worthless *mélée*? What would the nation have said if the crews of the Minnesota and Powhattan and the rest of the squadron had been turned into special constables to keep the peace of Canton; and Mr. Perry or Capt. Dupont associated in a joint commission with Consul Parker and Col. Halloway in taking care that Gov. Pih-kwei stayed in his palace and the Collector of Customs or Hoppo did not run away? Yet there were foolish people who thought this ought to be, and that it would be a good thing to have a joint protectorate of Canton.

"All this time the public mind was filled with absurd stories of diplomatic conferences

at Macao, to some of which, so ran the story, the American Minister was invited and from most of which he was excluded. There was no word of truth in all this. Mr. Reed and Count Pontiatine were quietly living together, the guests of the same gentleman at Macao, and no doubt talked over their own affairs very fully and confidentially; but beyond that I am very sure conferences never went.

So matters continued till after the fall of Canton at the end of December, 1857.

Canton having fallen, the first incident that followed was the discovery of the captors in Yeh's yamun of certain important documents; and among them the originals of the ratified treaties with England, the United States, and France. Rather an undue importance was attached to this at that time, and it was assumed that neither the treaties nor their contents had ever been communicated to the Emperor, and, even were not known at the capital. This certainly is not so, for there is in existence (I have seen the book in the hands of Mr. Williams, our Secretary of Legation) a volume printed at Peking by authority, containing the treaties and tariffs. Retaining the originals at Canton was merely an expression of the Chinese idea (now dispelled, I hope forever) of transferring all foreign affairs to the extremity of the Empire. A much more interesting document was found, an Imperial decree directing the treatment of barbarians, and approving Yeh's conduct towards Mr. Parker.

"Lord Elgin sent this copy of the American treaty, still in a state of good preservation after thirteen years, to Mr. Reed, and it was kept by him till within the last week, when it was handed to the two Imperial Commissioners here, and very properly and respectfully received by them.

"Early in February there came the first word of confidence and friendliness from the Allied Powers to the neutral Ministers. It was a frank exposition of their past policy and future intentions, with an invitation, earnestly and courteously expressed, that the American and Russian Plenipotentiaries should give this course their support. Lord Elgin had made the same application to Mr. Parker on his arrival in China in July, 1857. At the last offer all the correspondence of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros with Yeh before the fall of Canton was communicated to Mr. Reed; and as the former has all been laid before Parliament, I may so far refer to it as to say, without at all committing myself to unreserved approval of his whole course, that it was most creditable, and illustrated his moderation and reluctant resort to arms. I have every reason to think too that Baron Gros was not less so.

"The Allies invited the neutrals to unite in

a peaceful movement to the north, and in an appeal, simultaneous but distinct, to the Court of Peking to appoint a plenipotentiary to meet them at Shanghai. Coincidentally with this was the removal of the blockade of the Canton river on the 10th of February, after six months' duration, and joint notification that affairs were restored to a treaty basis. There could of course be no hesitation in the conduct to be pursued by the neutrals, and an affirmative answer was sent by Mr. Reed and Count Pontiatine, with drafts of the letters they purposed to send to Peking. These papers when published will speak for themselves. All the dispatches went north about the middle of February, and were delivered to the Governor-General at Suchan on the 26th. In the 'Moniteur' of April, and copied into the Times of the 30th, had been published an official letter from M. de Coutades, one of the French attachés, describing what occurred there; but one would never infer from it that the Russian and American Secretaries had any thing to do with it. Yet all the communications from the four Powers were received at the same time and with the same respect, all went to Peking by the same messenger.

"The Ministers arrived at Shanghai at the end of March, and remained there about a fortnight. No Plenipotentiary came to meet them, and but very unsatisfactory replies through the Governor-General, for the Cabinet at Peking had not yet reached this point of condescension, that an Imperial Commissioner had been sent to Canton in Yeh's place, and thither the foreigners must go to meet him. There could of course be no hesitation as to what ought to be done now, and no alternative was left but to advance at once and repeat the peaceful experiment nearer the capital. Letters to that effect were accordingly dispatched from Shanghai, and about the 12th of April the Western ambassadors sailed for the Gulf of Pichili, arriving between the 18th and 26th of that month in this order, Russian, English, American, and French.

"To the coöperation which was thus initiated, while there were manifest advantages, there were some embarrassments, theoretical and practical. Among the latter was the difficulty of personal intercourse. Gentlemen see much more of each other on shore, where they can drop in and pay friendly and informal visits; but in an open roadstead like that off the Pei-ho, in the month of April, when every other day brought a gale of wind and sand gusts that hid the ships from each other, intercourse was very awkward. Count Pontiatine, who, being a sailor, minded tempestuous boating least, was, on one occasion, compelled by stress of weather to remain part of a day and all night on board the 'Missis-

ship' with Mr. Reed. But the theoretical difficulties were not less, and you may imagine how little actual conference there was or has been when I tell you that from January, when the neutral coöperation was solicited, to this moment, the four Plenipotentiaries have never met together, except one day by the merest accident and for a moment on board the 'Audacieuse' in the Gulf. And there too it was that sprung up apparently the jealousy of Russian and American affiliation that has been the bugbear ever since. That Count Pontiatine and Mr. Reed saw a great deal of each other, and conferred as friends who were most desirous to avert further hostilities, is very certain; and each of them must have had a passion for isolation if this had not been so; but when the correspondence comes to be published justice will be done to the resolute integrity with which they endeavored to promote the views of the Allies. It would be imputing a most unworthy motive to Lord Elgin and Baron Gros to imagine that they meant to be dictators, and expected the Russian and American Ministers to await the slow revelations of their will, and then to follow them. The truth was, and this was manifest to all in and out of counsel, the English and French diplomatic chiefs, and of course their subordinates, were all in a state of ill-disguised ill-temper. Here was Lord Elgin anxious for a coup-de-main, anxious to push up the river and show his forces; and here too were Russians, and Americans, and Frenchmen, while he, out of all his great fleet, had but one gunboat and no admiral. When the two Admirals did come they were cautious and deliberate, and were not to be pushed into premature military movements by mere diplomatic urgency. Neither the Ministers nor their Admirals made any secret of their discontent with each other; and while the colonial newspapers and letter-writers in the fleet were scribbling about the annoyance of 'intrusive neutrals,' the annoyance and irritation were of a very different character.

"It was in this interval that the best news came, like a bolt from a clear sky, of the fall of Lord Palmerston's Ministry, the unpleasant state of feeling in France, and the restoration to power of Lord Derby, the opponent of the China war. No one could tell what might be Lord Malmesbury's next dispatch. It was necessary to be in a hurry, and yet the Admirals, who felt their military character at stake, would not be hurried.

"The neutral Ministers, having no such troubles, were very placid. New letters were sent by each of the four simultaneously to Peking demanding a Plenipotentiary to be sent to meet them, and six days allowed for that purpose. Within the six days not only did two high officers, sent specially from the

capital to make inquiry into the demands of the foreigners, reach Taku, but also Tau, the Governo-General of the province, who announced himself as Imperial Commissioner on the part of the Emperor. Here occurred the first divergence among the Plenipotentiaries, and the difference of opinion was quite characteristic of the parties—the Allies severe and exacting, the Neutrals conciliatory and moderate. Had it suited the views of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros to invite the Russian and American Ministers into conference on fair terms, even this difference, immaterial and temporary as it was, might not have occurred. It was this: When the Governo-General arrived he announced himself merely as an Imperial Commissioner, but did not state, in so many words, that he was clothed with 'full powers.' The Allies, on this ground, absolutely refused even to see him. Count Pontiatine and Mr. Reed thought that personal intercourse was all important, and that the want of powers would appear afterwards, and could then be made a matter of scruple. They therefore determined to see the Imperial Commissioner, and the Russian Count was actually on shore with him, when, without one word of notice and within the six days allowed, all the English dispatch and gun-boats entered the river and anchored close to the forts. The Chinese were fearfully excited, and were with difficulty prevented from firing on them.

"Mr. Reed went in the next day and had several interviews with the Commissioner, who treated him with the greatest courtesy, defined his powers, which were not unlike his own—able to negotiate and then refer to his sovereign for ratification—and indicated how far and on what points he could treat. In order, however, to afford the Chinese another opportunity, the English and French Ministers dispatched a second letter to the capital asking that a high officer be appointed to treat with them who had 'full powers,' that is, was styled a Plenipotentiary, as Kiating formerly was, and granted six days for him to arrive at Taku. Of course Tau had no such title, and he did not go as far as his successors at this city did, but his appointment seemed like a bona fide attempt at negotiation; and for the sake of the good name of the Allies it is a pity that he was so contemptuously rejected, and all further conference with him by any one broken off by their attack on the Taku forts on the 20th of May. Less than twenty-four hours' notice of this was given to the Neutrals; and Mr. Williams was actually on shore in conference with a high officer, the provincial treasurer, deputed to meet him, when he was recalled by a note from Mr. Reed informing him that after a summons of two hours' time in which to sur-

render the forts were to be assaulted. The strong arm was to decide every thing with these helpless though perverse Chinese.

"Of that attack and its result it is not worth while to say much, but I confess to an anxiety to know what will be the judgment of the world and of Christian England on it. With us here it is difficult to keep our judgment clear from a sense of material consequences, for certainly the fall of the forts had great influence; but some plain-minded, right-thinking men at a distance, who care neither for opinion nor drills, may ask whether it be right to go to war because a Minister does not put 'Plenipotentiary' on his card, and because a Chinese statesman does not conform to the strictest rule of diplomatic technicality.

"However, the doom went forth. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros threw themselves on the Admirals, and the Admirals said they could not advance any nearer to Peking without taking the forts; and so, after a summons, as I have said, of but two hours, the forts were attacked by an overwhelming force, and of course taken. I cannot but think that Lord Elgin—who is not a war man—shrank from the step, but it was a necessity in the Allied counsels, and the deed was done.

"Do you happen to remember Baron Gros's attempt at mediation in Greece in 1850, when he was the neutral and Great Britain the assailant; when he begged the English 'in God's name' (I quote his very words) to stop an attack on a weak nation? Or, what is still more pertinent, do you recollect the Russian protest on the occasion when they told the English that their conduct was such as 'to authorize all great Powers on all fitting occasions to recognize towards the weak no other rule, no other right, but their own strength?' What would have been thought if Mr. Reed and Count Pontiatine had used such language? And yet, because they simply tried in good faith and humanity to pacificate, and persuade the Chinese to yield the point of etiquette, they were the objects of what I can only describe as sullen censure. I have every reason to believe that the irritation was transitory, for Lord Elgin formally thanked Mr. Reed for his good offices and for what he had done.

"At the forts the Chinese fought well; the Allies of course fought better. The action lasted more than two hours, the Chinese resolutely standing to their guns and dying there; over three hundred bodies were found in the forts; most of the wounded had been carried off. I walked over the field the next day, and had my first (and I hope my last) view of a fresh battle-field. It was ruin and desolation. The poor dead Chinamen that were

lying about died in a good cause. They fought strictly in defence.

"The action of the neutral Ministers before the battle had one very capital effect. It made the Chinese desire them to remain and become intercessors and friends. But for this, it would have been Mr. Reed's duty, as I am confident it was his wish, to retire the moment hostilities began. The Chinese were earnest that he and Count Pontiatine should remain, and, if the Allies advanced, accompany them up the river. It was Lord Elgin's wish too. On the 28th of May the Admirals reported the river free, and on the evening of the 29th Lord Elgin and Baron Gros in an English gunboat, and Count Pontiatine and Mr. Reed in the Russian steamer 'Amerika,' went up, all arriving at this place on the morning of the 30th.

"When at the capture of the Taku forts the English and French Admirals went on board the same gunboat to lead the attack, it was thought very picturesque that, beside the signal of close action, their national ensigns were flying at the same mast-head. But when, on the morning of Sunday, the 30th of May, the Russian and American flags were peacefully hoisted on the 'Amerika,' before Tien-tsin, great and grave was the cavil at the combination. Mr. Reed was the guest of Count Pontiatine, and the excitement lasted but three or four days, when, each gentleman having procured a house on shore, there were two flag-staffs and separate flags!

"The negotiations then begun, and now, it is hoped, concluded, occupied just four weeks; to all they were four weeks of great anxiety and interest. It was manifest from the beginning that there was to be separate action at the will of the Allies; and the neutral Ministers had to choose whether they should deferentially await the movements of the others or go on quietly and effectively in their own way. The first news that came was that two new Commissioners had arrived at Tientsin, men of the highest rank in the Empire, who did write 'Plenipotentiary' on their cards. With these full powers the Allies said they were satisfied, though one may well marvel at their acquiescence on seeing the form adopted. It was, 'Do as you please, provided you do not contravene the interests and rules of the Empire.' They proposed to meet the foreign Plenipotentiaries together, but this plan was by common consent and very properly declined. The Russian, though he has in some respects higher rank than either of the others, being 'Imperial Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief,' and the Republican Minister might have had no difficulty of rank to adjust; but the English Earl and the Napoleonic Baron could never have arranged it. So,

happily, separate negotiation was the order of the day. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros made their visits to the Chinese Commissioners in great state, accompanied by large and brilliant military escorts. Mr. Reed was escorted by some officers of the squadron in uniform and a small guard of marines; while the Count Pontiatine went with his secretaries and a few sailors carrying a flag.

"The Commissioners, Kwei-liang and Hwa-sha-ua, were men of dignified bearing, and their whole tone and deportment very striking. As this letter is only intended to give you what may be called the outside facts, I cannot pretend to describe in detail the course of diplomacy or its results. The treaty with Russia was signed on the 13th of June, the American on the 18th, the English on the 26th, and the French on the 27th.

"There were some incidents of curious interest in the course of the negotiations. There is no Chinese statesman who, down to a recent period, has had a higher reputation in the West than Kiyung, who negotiated with Sir Henry Pottinger the treaty of Nanking, which terminated the opium war of 1842, and afterwards, in 1844, the treaties with Mr. Cushing and M. Lagrené. He was believed to be the most, if not the only liberal Chinese; and since his fall in 1849 many were the stories and mysterious intimations as to what had been his doom. I am very sure, had it been believed in America or England that Kiyung would appear on the stage, it would have been hailed as a certain augury of happy adjustment. Poor old man! He has reappeared, played a brief part, and gone out of sight forever. Everybody was astonished on the 9th of last month, and none more so than the Ministers themselves, to hear that Kiyung had arrived in Tien-tsin, and meant to put himself in communication with them. He first announced himself as a private man, and sent word with his card that at a certain hour he would call on each of the Plenipotentiaries. Here again was there a divergence. Lord Elgin repulsed the old man, refusing positively to have any thing to do with him. Mr. Reed and Count Pontiatine informally received and returned his visit; and I suspect they were not damaged by this act of courtesy to an eminent but now infirm and broken public man.

"On the day after he appeared at the meeting of the Commissioners, having produced his 'full powers,' but took little part in the conference, and two days after mysteriously withdrew from Tien-tsin. Soon the news came that, on his way to the capital, he had been arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Such are the strange alternations in the public life of a Chinese statesman.

"Kiyung's visit to Tien-tsin did no good.

His repulse by the Allies, and it is said, their exhibition to him of his letter, found at Canton, in which he boasted of his success in deceiving them in 1842 and 1844, may have damaged him; but, besides, his tone and bearing, though eminently urbane and courteous, indicated no special friendliness. He evidently, too, is broken in health and spirits. He inquired kindly after some old friends, whom he seemed to remember—Dr. Parker, Mr. Morrison, Mr. Thorn, and Mr. Forbes.

"Of the terms of the treaties it would not be proper to say any thing beyond what is rumored abroad, for it seems to be understood here that they are not to be promulgated till they are approved at home, and probably you will know them quite as soon as we shall in China. It is perfectly well understood that, besides a thorough revision of the commercial details of the old treaties, there are provisions for direct correspondence with the Privy Councils at the capital, the deposit of the treaties and exchange of their ratifications at the same place; permanent or temporary diplomatic residence at Peking; access to the interior; prospective opening of the rivers; and liquidation of the claims for losses. As each treaty contains a very broad, most favored clause, the whole forms one system, and while each differs in positive stipulation, I refer in my conjectures as to their contents to the aggregate. They will not be found far out of the way.

"Mr. Reed leaves Tien-tsin to rejoin the Minnesota to-morrow, and is the first of the diplomatic body to go; and, strange to say, as he goes down the river it is rumored that orders have preceded him, though the ink on the new treaties of peace is hardly dry, for the English and French troops to advance on the city. It is said, in explanation of this step, that Lord Elgin and Baron Gros are not satisfied with the form of the imperial acknowledgment of their treaties, and think themselves justified in giving one more turn of the forcible screw which has been employed with so much effect. There is something anomalous certainly in signing treaties of peace and friendship one day amidst great jubilation and marching up a hostile force on the next; but, as the convenient phrase is, 'every thing in China is exceptional.' I have no doubt that the Chinese will yield, and that the end of another week will see the withdrawal of all the fleets. I am glad, however, that Mr. Reed goes away, and does not by his presence put in jeopardy the friendly feeling which, from first to last, the Chinese feel and express to the United States. Baron Gros after his treaty was signed became suddenly warlike, and the change was attributed to the arrival, happily too late to do any harm, of the Baron Chasseron, a son-in-law of Lucien

Murat, and, it is reported, the bearer of important dispatches. He came from Paris to Tien-tsin in the wonderfully short time of forty-five days. Letters were received from the United States by the same mail in sixty-six days.

"Thus closes this chapter in the history of the Eastern world, beginning on the day when a few vagabonds, on board of a spurious lorcha in the Canton river, gave a pretext for a vexatious war, which, to the annoyance of trade and peaceful business, has lasted ever since, costing millions of dollars and thousands of lives. I am not quite accurate in saying that the chapter is closed, for the perplexity of Canton and its transfer yet remain. The late news thence is very sad. Disease in its worst form has appeared. The climate is telling on the troops with fearful effect. Of the force which the Allies lately marched against the Braves sixty sunk under sun-stroke. Hong-Kong is threatened by incendiarianism. Trade staggers along with uncertain security, the Americans doing their full share of supplying rice in their huge ships for starvation that war does not abate.

"All this topical perplexity Lord Elgin must settle before he goes home to meet Parliamentary honors or Parliamentary censure, or his work will be but half done. Assuming that this will be done and satisfactorily, then will be the time for the world's judgment to be pronounced on the whole record. Mine, that of a disinterested man at least, and one that wishes well to China, for its own sake and ours too, clearly is that the China war of 1856-7-8, in its beginning and consummation, has been a great and pestilent mistake, and with much harm has done no earthly good. The great end, so certainly proposed, of chastisement to the Cantonese, has not been reached. They are as insolent as ever, and the swarms of Braves sting mischievously. A solitary stranger cannot walk with safety within a mile of the houses of Hong-Kong, and I pity the picnic party that ventures, as American ladies used to do with safety, to the White Cloud Hills, or half way there. Yeh is captured and caricatured; the 'Times' correspondent, permitted to accompany the prisoner-of-war to Calcutta, describing his habits with ferocious humor; and Hwang is in his stead. *Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!*

"The disquisition of the 'Correspondent' on Yeh's personal demeanor, his shaving, his spitting, his eructations (specifically described), his sea sickness, will serve to excite many a smile in England and new disgust at the caged monster, with whom I certainly have no sympathy; but the doubt may well occur whether, after all, as Yeh was a prisoner-of-war, a man of mark, a fallen foe, the

shutting up with him, in one of Her Majesty's ships, a caricature correspondent, was in good taste. It is not unlike, one may remark, the correspondence of O'Meara with his Friend Finlayson, of the Admiralty, about Napoleon and the ladies of his household at St. Helena; too indecent, says Forsyth, the editor of the Lowe Papers, to be printed, but which were read aloud with great enjoyment at the table of the Prince Regent.

"Really, as I looked last winter on what was once the site of the foreign factories, where for years there had been so much activity and prosperous industry, so much social refinement and contentment, where there were libraries and churches, and sumptuous residences, now replaced by heaps of unsightly rubbish, not a house, or a tree left standing, all swept away literally with the besom of destruction, I could not but think that in this conflict between European Christendom and the heathen Chinese the heathen had got the best of it. It is a poor calculation to assume that this can all be paid for in dollars and cents. The steeled hand of war may extract a full pecuniary equivalent for the losses of A. B. and C., but it will be done at the risk of general bankruptcy and ruin, and a new dislocation of commerce.

"Let us thank heaven that no drop of blood is on our hands. We have kept the peace like honest men. Long ago Mr. Webster said there was no such thing as half-way neutrality, and the Administration and its representative in China have acted on that principle, and their reward has been the friendliness of the Chinese, and, in spite of accidental irritations, the respect of the belligerents. Mr. Reed has never swerved to the right or the left from this line of duty, and that too without offence. The anchorage of his education has held, and if to have been the means, while carrying out his instructions faithfully, of keeping his country out of war, and yet in the end gained every thing that war has gained, if this be a merit, then he surely deserves the thanks of his countrymen.

"There lies before me now the National Intelligencer of April 6, 1857, where I find these words of counsel:

"In any coöperation great caution and discretion would be necessary on our part to avoid the suspicion of officiously intermeddling in the domestic affairs of a distant Empire, or of violating our treaty obligations by seeming, in the guise of pacific intentions, to share in the hostile feelings which precipitated the early stages of the 'Chinese question.' As the peaceful relations between our Government and that of China have suffered no interruption, the impropriety, not to say iniquity, of any warlike demonstration on the part of the United States, because a favorable con-

junction had arisen for the acquisition of ends the most desirable, is too apparent to need any thing more than the bare statement of the case to determine the judgment which every candid and equitable mind will pronounce in the premises. Our coöperation with Great Britain and France, if undertaken at all, should be strictly confined to objects within the range of peaceful diplomacy; and should be prosecuted without in any way or to any degree compromising the strict neutrality of the United States in the late dispute between England and China. And in this spirit it seems to us that any naval force which our Government may see fit to send to the Chinese waters should be charged only with a pacific mission, and should sedulously avoid

the appearance of serving as a menace or a demonstration to the Chinese authorities; for which proceeding, as we have received no offence, we could plead no justification save that of arbitrary power seeking to impose its wishes on a people likely to be influenced rather by their fears than their reason, which, how far it may be proper to consider any justification at all, we will not undertake to say."

Principles like these seem to have regulated our Minister's conduct throughout.

The latest news is that the "Minnesota" proceeds to Shanghai, to remain till the end of July, and then visit Japan for the sake of the health of her crew. Mr. Reed will probably return to America in the coming autumn.

WHAT WINES ARE MADE OF.—Hiram Cox, Esq., of Cincinnati, has made the following startling statement: "During the summer of 1856 I analyzed a lot of liquors for some conscientious gentlemen of our own city, who would not permit me to take samples to my office, but insisted on my bringing my chemicals and apparatus to their store, that they might see the operation. I accordingly repaired to their store, and analyzed samples of sixteen different lots. Among them were Port wine, Sherry wine, and Madeira wine. The distilled liquors were some pure, and some vile and pernicious imitations, but the wines had not one drop of the juice of the grape! The basis of the Port wine was diluted sulphuric acid, colored with elderberry juice, with alum, sugar, and neutral spirits. The base of the Sherry wine was a sort of pale malt, sulphuric acid, from the bitter almond oil, with a per centage of alcoholic spirits from brandy. The basis of the Madeira was a decoction of hops, with sulphuric acid, honey, spirits from Jamaica rum, &c. The same week after analyzing the above and exhibiting the quality and character of the liquors to the proprietors, a sexton of one of our churches informed me he had purchased a gallon of the above Port wine, to be used in his church on the next Sabbath for Sacramental purposes, and that for this mixture of sulphuric acid, alum, and elderberry juice he paid \$2.75 a gallon."—*National Intelligencer*.

ALLITERATION.—Philip Henry would often contrive the heads of his sermons to begin with the same letter, or rather two and two of a letter; but he did not at all seem to affect or force it; only if it fell in naturally and easily, he thought it a good help to memory, and of use, especially to the younger sort. And he would

say, the chief reason why he did it was because it is frequently observed in the Scriptures, particularly the book of Psalms. And though it be not a fashionable ornament of discourse, if it be a Scripture ornament, that is sufficient to recommend it, at least to justify it against the imputations of childishness. (Mr. Porter of Whitechurch very much used it, so did Mr. Malden.)

Some of his subjects, when he had finished them, he made some short memorandums of in verse, a distich or two of each Sabbath's work, and gave them out in writing, among the young ones of his congregation, many of whom wrote them, and learned them, and profited by them.

A TUB-THUMPER.—Foules says of the "tub-thumpers" in his days, that they are "a sort of people more antic in their devotions than Don Busco's fencing-master; and can so wrinkle their faces with a religious (as they think it) wry look, that you may read there all the Persian or the Arabic alphabet, and have a more lively view of the Egyptian hieroglyphies than either Kircherus or Pierius will afford you."

GEORGE HERBERT says, "the Parson exceeds not an hour in preaching; because all ages have thought that a competency; and he that profits not in that time, will less afterwards, the same affection which made him not profit before, making him then weary, and so he grows from not relishing to loathing."

THE Brahmins say that Benares is not a part of this sinful earth; but that it is on the outside of the earth. An earthquake, however, which was lately felt there, has rather nonplussed them, as it proves that what shakes the earth shakes Benares too.

From Chambers's Journal.
LIVING IN BARRACKS.

MANY years have passed away since it was the custom in the south of Ireland to live in barracks. Not in the military quarters, usually so named, but among a set of merry boys and girls, and good humored men and women, in some wide, rambling, hospitable country-house. The rebels, or Whiteboys, banded themselves together to destroy, without exception, every Protestant man and grown boy in the country; but they usually, except in rare instances, respected the lives of women and children. The gentlemen, gay, gallant, well mounted and well armed, formed themselves into yeomanry corps for the defence of their lives and properties; and in order to concentrate their forces and protect their families, a large mansion in each district was selected, into which as many of the neighbors as the rooms would accommodate congregated. Despite of the burnings, pikeings, murders, and cruelties of the most atrocious description which were going on around, the party inside usually contrived to amuse themselves with eating, drinking, laughing, dancing, and love-making, in a highly satisfactory and thoroughly Irish manner.

The old house of Carrigbawn, situated some miles distant from the town of Killyshaughlin, was selected for this purpose; its master and mistress being a kind and hospitable pair, never so happy as when every closet and cranny-hole was crammed full of guests. The mansion itself was as curious and comfortable a specimen of the in-and-out style of architecture as ever was seen. It and the fine old estate that lay around it are now gone—the one into ruins, the other into the Encumbered Estates Court. But some sixty years ago, both were filled with life and merriment. Family after family had arrived, and had been hospitably welcomed, and comfortably accommodated by Mr. and Mrs. Synge. Every available corner, including a dark recess, known as “the cat’s closet,” had been converted for the nonce into a sleeping-room. Dinner-time arrived, the whole company were assembled in the drawing-room, and the lady of the house was mentally congratulating herself on the admirable cubicular arrangements which enabled her to accommodate every one, when a loud ringing was heard at the hall-door. Bolts and bars and iron grating were cautiously and creakingly with-

drawn, and presently the servant announced: “The Reverend Athanasius Welbore!”

Angels and ministers of grace! he was the largest, the most uncouth, and the worst-dressed man in the diocese.

His presence at dinner made no difference; the viands provided would have sufficed for a dozen guests in addition. But the sleeping room! And Athanasius smilingly informed his hostess that he had brought his carpet-bag, and meant to partake of her hospitality for some days, he having received a threatening notice, which rendered it expedient for him to quit his glebe-house. Of course, under the circumstances, a less hospitable person than worthy Mrs. Synge would have made him welcome; but what was to be done? At last it occurred to her that she would throw herself on the kindness of the gay, good-tempered rector of the parish, a Mr. Skottowe, who had been inducted into one of the best bedrooms, containing a large-sized bed. In the course of the evening she took an opportunity of candidly stating her difficulty to this gentleman, and appealing to his kindness to bestow a share of his couch on the Reverend Athanasius. Mr. Skottowe, of course, could do nothing but utter an apparently cheerful compliance; but in his secret soul he registered a vow, that wherever, and with whomsoever Mr. Welbore might sleep that night, it should not be with him.

One little fact illustrating the personal habits of Athanasius may perhaps be regarded as justifying Mr. Skottowe’s repugnance to his company. He was accustomed to use, and display somewhat ostentatiously, certain very large and stiff-looking white pocket-handkerchiefs. Some curious observers remarked that these articles were invariably marked with a series of brown diagonal lines; and by some skilful cross-questioning, the fact was elicited that the *soi-disant* pocket-handkerchiefs were doomed a double debt to pay, each one figuring first for a week as a cravat, and then doing duty for a second in the parson’s pocket.

With this pleasing circumstance and other similar peculiarities full in his memory, the astute Mr. Skottowe took care to be the first to retire to his room, and was snugly ensconced in bed when Athanasius, who remained up the very last of the company, made his appearance. While he was leisurely proceeding to disrobe, and talking complacently

of the pleasant evening he had passed, Mr. Skottowe began to scratch his own wrists and arms in a most ostentatiously noisy manner.

"What's the matter with you, man?" said Welbore at last, looking at him curiously.

"Oh, nothing. I'm nearly well now.

"Why, what ailed you?"

"Not much; but you know I'm one of the agents appointed to travel through the country, and examine the poor people who are learning to read Irish; and unfortunately some time ago, from handling their books, or coming somehow in contact with them, I caught that very unpleasant and infectious complaint—the Caledonian Cremona—you know."

"Speak plain, man!" thundered Athanasius. "Is it —?"

"Just so," replied his friend coolly. "But I have given up for some time past instructing the poor people who have it, and I hope soon to be quite well. Indeed, it is only at night that my wrists annoy me."

Vociferating a specially unclerical exclamation, and I fear consigning his intended bed-fellow to a locality abounding in the specific remedy for his cutaneous malady, Athanasius, now arrayed solely in his nocturnal garment, seized his candle and rushed wildly down stairs. Mr. Skottowe, with a quiet chuckle, bolted the door, and calmly betook himself to repose. The unlucky fugitive, meantime, sped into the drawing-room, the only apartment which he found open, every one in the house having by this time retired; and seizing two sheepskin mats, together with the hearth-rug and the table-cover, he laid down on the sofa, and having covered himself up very comfortably, soon fell fast asleep.

Now, it happened that Mrs. Synge was always an early riser, and at this particular time, with such an additional weight of house-keeping on her hands, it especially behoved her to be up betimes, and look after the regulation of her household; so about six o'clock the following morning, she entered her drawing-room, and proceeded to open the shutters. The early daylight streamed in, and the first thing that caught the lady's orderly eye was "the mingled heap" on her best sofa.

"Dear me," she thought, "that careless Kitty! she has gone and heaped the mats and hearth-rug on the sofa, instead of taking them out to be shaken."

And with one energetic pull she dragged

off the offending articles. What was her amazement to behold start up the awakened Athanasius, who in his wrath, utterly oblivious of the very scanty nature of his clothing, began to pour out his indignation at the manner in which his hostess had treated him in sending him to sleep with such a companion. She, poor lady, naturally thought he was stark mad—very particularly stark indeed he looked—and she ran off as fast as she could to summon her husband to the rescue. When Mr. Synge reached the scene of action, he was very much inclined to think his wife's supposition was correct. For there was Athanasius, still in a boiling rage, stalking up and down the drawing-room, with a nondescript sort of night-cap perched on his head, while a crimson and gold table-cover, wrapped round him shawl-fashion, picturesquely surmounted his sole calico garment. The master discreetly retreated, and sought an explanation from Mr. Skottowe, which that gentleman prudently gave him through the key-hole of his bolted door. At length, however, a truce was concluded between the two belligerents, and Athanasius admitted to resume his garments. We will leave our readers to imagine the scene at the breakfast table. Poor Athanasius gulping down cup after cup of tea, and half choking himself with enormous slices of ham and cold beef, in order to conceal his confusion; while the bland Mr. Skottowe, with an air of mock penitence, sadly contradicted by the amused expression visible at the corners of his mouth, busied himself in eating a new-laid egg.

The genuine good-nature of the whole party, however, soon laughed off every thing unpleasant; and in the course of the day the inventive genius of old Mrs. Mahoney, a jewel of an upper servant, found out and arranged a separate sleeping-room for the reverend Athanasius.

It was a dull drizzling day in autumn, such as is very common in the south of Ireland, when there is no cold in the air, and yet you have such a feeling of thorough and diffused dampness, that you involuntarily hang over the fire, as if to air not only your garments, but your hands and face. After breakfast, the gentlemen as usual went out in a party to patrol, and the ladies amused themselves, as they best might, with needle-work and gentle gossiping.

"How I wish," said Mrs. Synge, laying

down her embroidery, and politely trying to suppress a yawn, "that Hugh Lawrence were here! He is the very life and soul of a party, and so good-natured—there is nothing he would not do to oblige a friend."

"Yes," said Mrs. Warren, "and children are so fond of him. My little Ellie, who is so shy to every one else, actually flies into Hugh Lawrence's arms, and will not leave him for nurse or any one else."

In addition to the grown people, there were about a dozen children collected in Carrigbawn House; and a sort of *pro-tempore* tutor and care-taker had been elected for them in the person of one of the second class refugees, a tithe-proctor named Dick Harris. A sad time he had of it, poor man! Obnoxious as his ordinary occupation rendered him to the rebels out of doors, his new calling made him by no means more acceptable to the juvenile mutineers within. They put crackers into his boots, and incited the cat to stick her claws in his wig. They placed a chair with three broken legs for him to sit upon, and managed—accidentally on purpose—to upset an ink-bottle over his new trousers. This last outrage was too much for the poor proctor. Apostrophizing the whole crew as a set of young imps, and declaring that the girls were worse than the boys, he fairly abandoned them to their own devices, and took refuge by the kitchen fire. It was at this juncture, when the ladies in their quiet drawing-room were threatened with an invasion of their collective Willies and Lizzies, that Mr. Lawrence's presence was especially longed for.

"He paid a morning visit here a few days ago," said Mrs. Syngé, "and we urged him strongly to leave his lonely thatched cottage where he has no companions but his dogs, and come into barracks like every one else. 'Why, my dear lady,' said he, 'who would hurt me? Thank God, I don't think I have an enemy in the country among rich or poor; and then I have my steward, that faithful fellow, Hennessey, who would give his life for me, living at the lodge.'"

The conversation then took another turn, and the afternoon passed somewhat wearily away; its monotony now and then enlivened by the unavailing efforts of the matrons to preserve order amongst the juveniles, each lady protesting that her boys and girls were the quietest creatures imaginable when at home, and that it was only company that excited them to rebel.

The gentlemen returned in good spirits to a late dinner, and reported that they had seen or heard nothing alarming. About ten o'clock the house was disturbed by a loud ringing at the hall-door. It was no light matter to open at that hour, so the visitor was challenged by the master of the house.

"Who's there?"

"A friend—Hugh Lawrence; let me in!"

At the sound of that well-known voice, bolts and bars were speedily withdrawn, and the whole party crowded into the hall to receive the welcome guest, who looked pale and agitated.

"Syngé," he said, "I have a dreadful thing to tell you. My house was set on fire this evening, and every thing in it burned. I don't care for the furniture, but my poor little dog, Minny, that was licking my hand an hour before—she perished!" And the tears stood in his kind, honest eyes.

It appeared that, while sitting after dinner, he perceived a strong smell of smoke, and, rushing to the window, he saw the dark figures who had put the live sod of turf to the thatch, moving in front of the house. He had been out shooting that day, and his gun stood loaded in the corner of the room.

"I seized it," he said, "and fired off both barrels at the fellows, but I could not tell in the twilight whether I hit any of them or not. I saw one man, whose face was blackened, take deliberate aim at me, and I heard an explosion as if his gun had burst in his hand. They rushed to the door, forced it in, and in another moment would have murdered me, when by God's providence a party of soldiers who were passing saw the flames, and came galloping up the avenue. The fellows, of course, made off, and the soldiers tried in vain to catch them. I escaped, just as the roof was falling in, and came on here, as I knew you would not turn me out."

A warm pressure of the hand was Mr. Syngé's reply. "Where were your servants, Hugh?" he said.

"They were out," was the reply. "The old cook and housemaid had asked leave to go to a wake in the neighborhood; and Leary, my man-of-all-work, had gone out to the stable to feed the horses."

Mr. Syngé and the other gentlemen looked grave.

"Where was Hennessey, your steward?" asked Mr. Warren.

"Oh, poor fellow, he has been sick these two days," replied Mr. Lawrence. "I sent for him this morning, and heard that he was confined to bed with a heavy cold; and there I found him with his head tied up, when I went down to see him and take him a few things that I thought would do him good. If he had been with me, he'd have shed his last drop of blood for me; you know he's my foster-brother."

There was no difficulty that night in finding a bed for Hugh Lawrence. Poor Athanasius was the first to propose to resign his dormitory and betake himself once more to the sofa. Mr. Skottowe followed suit by offering, with a hypocritical twinkle of his eye, half his bed, if Mr. Lawrence had no objection to share it.

"Why, then, you've a deal of brass, that's all I can say for you, Skottowe," said Athanasius, shaking his fist at him good-humoredly. "If you don't die a bishop, it won't be for want of asking."

Next morning, at breakfast, the delight of the children at meeting their friend was vociferous. He was not so much inclined to play with them as usual, for the loss of his favorite little terrier lay heavy at his heart. And the bright, round, young eyes that were fixed on him soon filled with tears, when they heard of the fate of Minny, who had been as well known, and almost as much liked as her master.

After breakfast, all the gentlemen accompanied Hugh Lawrence to his cottage, now a heap of smoking ruins. The police were also in attendance, with a view to making every possible investigation. Of course, there was no chance of eliciting any information from the servants or the peasantry. They had seen nothing, known nothing; and the party were on the point of going away, when one of the police picked up on the lawn a gun with the barrel burst, and three fingers of a man's hand, which had evidently been blown off by the explosion. Here was a clue. The party immediately set off, and visited every house for miles around, without finding any man with a disabled hand; but as they were returning from their fruitless search, they passed by the cottage of Hennessey, the steward.

"There's no occasion, my friends," said Mr. Lawrence, "for any of you to come in here; but I'll just step in for a moment to ask how poor Tom is to-day."

"If you have no objection, Hugh," said Mr. Syngé, "I'll go in with you."

They entered the house, where Hennessey's wife was ready to receive them, and to pour forth the most voluble expressions of sorrow for "the poor darling master's misfortune."

"But how is Tom?" asked Mr. Lawrence, moving towards the door of the inner room. "I suppose I can see him."

"Indeed, your honor had better not," said the woman earnestly. "He's very bad in his head to-day, and I'm afraid of my life 'tis the sickness* he's getting; and maybe your honor might catch it from him."

"Oh, I'm not in the least afraid." And gently putting the woman aside, he went in, followed by Mr. Syngé.

The room was nearly dark, and they could discern only the outline of Hennessey's figure in the bed. He seemed scarcely able to answer his master's kind inquiries, and spoke in a hoarse, tremulous whisper.

"Well Tom, my poor fellow, I'll send Dr. Taylor to see you before night. Good-bye."

"No, sir, thank ye, no doctor; I'll be quite well to-morrow!" exclaimed the sick man in a clear, strong voice, whose changed tone struck even the unsuspecting Lawrence.

Mr. Syngé immediately flung the shutters open, and walked up to the bedside.

"Show me your hands," he said. No answer.

He pulled down the bed-clothes, and Hennessey's right hand appeared bound up. The next moment the police were called in, the bandage was removed, and the three fingers exactly corresponding to those picked up on the lawn were found wanting to the ghastly bloody hand.

The hardened traitor said nothing; his kind master burst into tears.

The sequel of this true tale may be told in a few words. Hennessey was lodged in jail, fully convicted at the next assizes, and most deservedly expiated his crime on the scaffold.

There was one gleam of comfort for Hugh Lawrence, after witnessing Hennessey's arrest; while getting off his horse at Mr. Syngé's gate, he thought he heard a faint whine, and looking down, he saw a miserable little animal, with its hair singed off, lying exhausted on the ground.

This was his favorite little terrier, which had somehow crept out of the burning ruins, and, with the wonderful instinct of her race, had painfully tracked her master's footsteps.

He took her tenderly in his arms. "Minny is found! Minny is safe!" was the cry through the house. And if Minny had been the daughter and heiress of a noble family, more care could not have been bestowed on her comfort and restoration.

The little animal was soon well enough to accompany her master to England, whither some of his kind friends took him on a tour, until the terrible scene of Hennessey's execution was over.

* Typhus fever.

From the Athenæum.

The Lady and her Horse; being Hints selected from various Sources, and compiled into a System of Equitation.—The Gentleman and his Horse; being Selections from the Works of Boucher, Nolan, Richardson, and other Authors on Horsemanship. By Major T. A. Jenkins. (Madras, Pharoah & Co.)

THE English gentleman is the best rider in the world, although cavalry critics say he is far better when following a pack of hounds as a squire, than when pursuing an enemy as a captain of hussars. The English lady also, in her saddle, is a picture of dignity and grace, in spite of that barbarous maxim, not without acceptance in the West, that women are not women when they ride. Still, instructions and cautions have their value, notwithstanding the plenitude of schools, and these are supplied in a very neat and intelligible form by Major Jenkins in his two little manuals. That on feminine equestrianism will be found of particular utility. To an Englishwoman open-air recreations, with the enjoyment of sun and summer, or the exhilaration of pacing over the frosty ground, are as delightful as to an Englishman. More pleasant than the sparkle of a West-end drawing-room is a gallop over a grassy down, or a contest for the golden bracelet at a "bow meeting," bright with archery and all its green accompaniments. Therefore, to ride safely and elegantly is a conspicuous accomplishment, and the former necessity is more easily satisfied than the latter. Good riding, as a very competent authority says, is an affair of skill, but bad riding is merely an affair of nerve. The chief point with "horsemen of both sexes"—to quote classics—should be, to get the horse to be one of the party, and not only to obey, but to take pleasure in its own docility. The noble animal, as soldiers and sportsmen call him, seems to have been constituted for entire submission to the will of man, provided that will be expressed in terms consonant with its nature; in other words, with patience, tact, and good temper. In the very first place it is essential to study one method upon which Major Jenkins dwells with no more than appropriate emphasis—the art of placing a bit in the horse's mouth. Great controversies, more full of fierceness and contempt than the

wordy wars of Lilliput, have been waged on this subject; but the trophy of the battle to be a light curb; a mouth-piece, one inch only above the lower tusk; a flat, smooth, loosely-placed curb-chain, which will allow the finger to pass freely under it. To neglect these simple conditions, as ignorant or reckless grooms frequently do, is to produce hours of torture, visited upon the rider in impatient and fretful humors, and restless and restive tossings of the head, on the part of the best-natured horse. Supposing, however, the equipment of her charger to be complete—an old troop-horse is the *beau-ideal* for a lady—Madame or Miss is instructed by the Squire of Dames how to mount:

"The lady holding the falling folds of her habit in both hands, walks up to the horse's head, or side; but never behind him, lest he should kick at her. There should be two persons in attendance, the groom should stand before the horse's head, with a hand on each side of the bridle, close to his mouth, to keep him steady; the gentleman takes the reins in his left hand, separating them with his fore-fingers, the lady receives them in her right hand, in like manner, and lets them glide gently and evenly through her fingers, until her hand reaches the near crutch, which she takes hold of; and having passed the whip over the saddle, she holds it also in her right hand. Standing close to the near side of the saddle, and facing the gentleman who has taken a lock of the mane in his left hand, the lady places her left foot, which he stoops to receive, full in his right hand, lets the habit fall from her left hand, which she places upon his right shoulder, leaning thereon, and assisted by her hold on the crutch, she springs up from her right instep, as uprightly as possible, having been careful not to place her left foot too far forward, but keeping it directly under her, she straightens her left knee and assumes an upright position; the gentleman, when he feels her spring, accelerates the movement, by simultaneously lifting his hand high enough, to place the lady on the saddle, she steadying herself, by the hold she has with her right hand, seats herself, and places her right leg between the two outward pommels, the gentleman places her foot in the stirrup, and she takes the reins in her left hand. To adjust the habit, the lady raises herself by placing her right hand on the off pommel and standing in her stirrup, the gentleman shakes the back part of the skirt into its place, she reseats herself, and raising

her right knee to free the habit, the gentleman assists to adjust the front part of the skirt by gently drawing it forward."

Life is swift, language is slow. While Major Jenkins has been delivering this Pandect, the young lady has mounted, has touched up her steed, and is flying over the downs, laughing at the solemnity of his instructions. And yet, in her perfection she has obeyed to the letter, in one moment, the laws which it has taken him five to expound. That, indeed, is the reason why she was in her saddle quickly and safely. She avoids resting her hand on the pommel, thus preserving the sympathy between her "ivory wrist" and the horse's fine, sensitive, well-trained mouth, responsive to her every movement of delicate but determined guidance. Hand, foot and whip thus harmonize, without the exertion of violence, or even of strength, and the "noble animal" goes confidently and easily forward, bending even to every articulation in the hand of his rider, while a less-cultured equestrian might be unconsciously subjecting him to the severest pain. In self-defence he would, in that case, be resisting the rein, poking out his nose, stiffening his neck and every other part of his body. If he starts, the ignorant rider will endeavor to force him upon the object of his terror, augmenting his fear by punishing it; instead of soothing him, bringing him up gently, caressing him at every step; he then takes the earliest opportunity of shying again. Then, when he pirouettes in the centre of the road the awkward equestrian will apply whip and bridle to drive him forwards; whereas her duty is to wheel him round in the direction he fancies, until finding he is not gaining his private end, he becomes thoroughly ashamed of himself, and takes up a trot whithersoever the lady listeth. If he backs or jibs, nothing is less necessary or effectual than "cut him in the mouth or stab him in the flank," as round-hatted Dryads sometimes do, or even to use the whip. "Let him walk backwards," says Major Jenkins, "until he sees no fun in it." Now it is an excellent thing to have Major Jenkins and similar writers teaching horse-taming-upon principles less recondite than those of Mr. Rarey

for our English practices in equitation are far from being, as yet, beyond the reach of reform. Well-mounted and trained, the lightest and least masculine women may skim the country like a swallow over post and rail, rasping hedge and wide watercourse, while more timid "cavalry" are craning and looking out for a gap. Of course this is not always to be accomplished without the aid of steel. Nor need "the gentles" start: the Ripon rowels—"sharp as Ripon rowels" is proverbial—have been worn by the most tender and winsome; but peculiar attention is required, in order that the horse may not be incessantly wounded by the spur. It was by observing these principles that the famous Mrs. Thornton, wife of Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, was enabled "to witch the world with noble horsemanship," in a part of the country where her husband's sporting establishments eclipsed those of Gaston de Foix. She rode a four-mile heat on the York race-course against her brother-in-law for fifteen hundred guineas, and much was the admiration lavished on her leopard-colored bodice, buff skirt, blue sleeves, and blue cap. For upwards of three miles the lady took the lead in splendid style, but was then passed—it was said unfairly—when, finding it impossible to win, she performed a great feat of pulling up at about two distances. Not less than £200,000 depended on this match. Among the traditions of that day is one to the effect that Mrs. Thornton horse-whipped her kinsman and conqueror for having taken the whip-hand of her. Next day she circulated certain rules for racing, which, as she declared, ought to be established by jockeys, gentlemen or not. Upon that understanding she offered once more to challenge her competitor; but no second contest came off. Afterwards the lady ran twice on the same day, the stakes being 3,000 guineas and four hogsheads of claret, and beat Buckle, a professional, by half a neck, amid louder thunders than greeted the Roman victor on the Sacred Way.

The two little publications of Major Jenkins, which have tempted us into this gossip, are well worth the study of those who ride, or who would ride if they could.

From The Philadelphia North American.
HUMBOLDT.

THERE is one name which is held in such honor as to require no accessories of any sort to give it dignity, and which has been so held for a period longer than many suppose. As early as 1829, Frederick Henry Alexander von Humboldt was appointed an acting Privy Councillor of the Prussian Court, with the title of Excellency, and he retains that post now, as he enters, thirty years later, on the ninetieth year of his honored life. That honor was never before conferred upon one not of royal lineage, and whatever value we may set, upon such a restriction, it is still the highest proof that the Prussian government could give that it for once recognized greatness superior to all other distinctions. More than thirty years yet earlier Humboldt travelled extensively in South America, having left Europe by way of Corunna, in Spain, in June, 1799. He spent the next three years mainly in the tropical regions of Southern and Central America, Mexico, and the West Indies. In May, 1804, he reached Philadelphia, on his homeward journey, and, visiting Washington and other points within reach during two months, sailed from this port in August for Bordeaux. Such was the then unnoticed visit of the great student of physical science who now, in the bodily weakness of ninety years, but with the clear and strong mind which has ever distinguished him, receives the united honors of all men, from the most democratic lover of science in the United States to Queen Victoria and her royal consort on their Prussian tour.

It is the greatest and brightest feature of Humboldt's fame, that it is accorded not more because he is great than because he is just. His character is, perhaps, more than that of any scientific man of any age, unselfish. None of the injustice and grasping which stained Arago's name, with a hundred less than Arago, and some as great as he, was ever charged or thought against Humboldt. He did not need to appropriate honors not his own, nor to ignore merit where the public could never intervene to protect the unknown scientific laborer. Discoveries wrought out by the hands of retired and non-combatant prosecutors of researches were never stolen and put forth, slightly moulded and modified, as his own work. Indeed, the suggestion of such deeds is almost out of place and unworthy

when Humboldt is named, so far above this vice of so many who seek scientific honors, is all that relates to this Privy Councillor of Nature for more than sixty years.

The leading characteristic of Humboldt's mental organization is an unequalled capacity for comprehending all positive knowledge of what are called natural phenomena, and an unequalled power of generalization upon this class of facts. This power of generalization is a rare one, and it differs extremely from the analytical process, or that by which a student pursues a single line of experiments until he attains to a knowledge of the law that governs the facts he traces. Humboldt has no specialty, as it is inelegantly called, and he stands at a vast distance from all scientists of that class. The breadth and fullness of his mastery of the great science of nature, which embraces within it a hundred minor sciences, has been conspicuous at every period of his life, and was sufficiently proved by the enthusiasm with which he entered upon the great American explorations, at the close of the last century; grasping, even then, not only all known natural sciences, but observing and evolving others then unknown, and which were too great to be studied in one continent alone. It is decisive evidence of his greatness of scope to see that we have not yet, after half a century of unparalleled mental activity, got beyond the work he opened out in his great American journey, and put in definite form when his equally great Asiatic journeys of 1828-9 were in progress.

The recognition of this high capacity has been made on the reception of the *Cosmos*, and we have yet to see a single suggestion from any quarter that this Physical History of the Universe was conceived on too grand a scale, or has been inadequately treated in any of its parts. Of what other author, scientific or philosophical, could it be said that to attempt a *Cosmos* would not be presumptuous? There neither is nor has been any competent hand other than or before his for such a work, and American readers, who find themselves baffled in the perusal of the portion which has already been issued, must bear in mind that no edition has yet appeared which has been more than half rendered from the German, or more than half cleared of idioms and technical obscurities, as it might have been cleared. The fourth volume of the *Cosmos* is now just offered in our book market, from an English

translation, and the fifth volume is completed at Berlin and is about to appear there. It was supposed that the fourth volume would close the work, but we believe that a year or two of health on the part of the illustrious author will add another appendix-like volume to the five.

So much it seems pertinent to say at the passage of the eighty-ninth birthday of this great master of science. He was born at Berlin, September 14th, 1769, and more than half a century since visited this city, then a ripe traveller and scientific observer, who had spent fourteen years in such service, and more than four years in tropical America. Mature and masterly in all departments of natural science, at that time, he has not allowed a month of the fifty-five years since past to go unemployed, and we need not wonder at his attainments when we bear in mind his mental

structure. To us it may not be easily explained how the social and political struggles of this period could avoid involving a man of such universal activity, and we choose to place it to the account of a clearness of vision which could see through the weakness of the apparent or pretended friends of greater liberty and a higher social state, and foreseeing their shortcomings, wait calmly for the slow progress of the ages. One thing is true, that Humboldt's influence on the Prussian government has always been strongly liberalizing. Russia, particularly, owes him much in this respect, and all central Europe has felt more or less of his influence for peace and advancement. A man who so advances physical science, and who so renders its pursuit illustrious, wields an influence second to no other, without effort or exertion to give that influence any special direction.

SNAKES OF THE GUZERAT LAKES.—Many snakes in the Guzerat lakes are of beautiful colors; and their predatory pursuits are extremely curious. They watch the frogs, lizards, young ducks, water rats, and other animals when reposing on the leaves of the lotus, or sporting on the margin of a lake, and at a favorable opportunity seize their prey, and swallow it whole, though often of a circumference much larger than themselves. These in their turn, become food to the larger aquatic fowl, which frequent the lakes; who also swallow them, and their contents entire: thus it sometimes happens that a large duck not only gulps down the living serpent, but one of its own brood still existing in its maw. Standing with some friends on the side of a tank, watching the manœuvres of these animals, we saw a Muscovy drake swallow a large snake, which had just before gorged itself with a living prey. The drake came on shore to exercise himself in getting down the snake, which continued for some hours working within the bird's craw; who seemed rather uneasy at its troublesome guest. It is therefore most probable there were three different creatures alive at the same time in this singular connection.—*Forbes.*

AMERICANS IN RUSSIA.—A correspondent of the New York Times, writing from St. Petersburg, says in the great industrial enterprises of Russia, Americans are not inconsiderably engaged. It is a fine field for mechanical and inventive talent, and some of our clever countrymen have availed themselves of the advantages offered them.

The contract of Messrs. Winans, Harrison & Winans, for building and keeping in repair the machinery of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad, is not unknown in the United States. These gentlemen have accumulated, in a few years, almost fabulous fortunes, and their contract holds good for several years to come. The terms are immensely in their favor, and it is said that the Government has offered them a very large sum to cancel it, but the proposition has been refused.

An India rubber manufacturer (from New York, I believe), is here, engaged in the fabrication of various articles for the use of the army, &c. The government contract is held by a Russian, but the American cannot fail to make a handsome fortune in a few years. Col. Colt, also, has a large contract with the government for the manufacture of his renowned pistols, and his agent from home has arrived in St. Petersburg, to put up the necessary machinery. Mr. Joseph Francis, the inventor of the celebrated metallic life boat, military wagon, and other useful inventions, is here in person, to bring his improvements under the notice of the authorities, who will probably adopt some, if not all of them.

AN INFANT ASLEEP.

How soft and fresh he breathes!
Look, he is dreaming! Visions sure of joy
Are gladdening his rest; and ah, who knows
But waiting angels do converse in sleep
With babes like this!

—Arthur C. Coxe.

From The Athenæum.

KNOX TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE true text of Knox's famous letter to Queen Elizabeth on the publication of his "First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment Women"—the original of which letter exists in our State Paper Office—will be welcome to some of our readers. It runs:—

"Edinburgh, July 20, 1559.

"To the virtuous and godly Eliz. by the grace of God Q. of Eng^d John Knox desireth the perpetual increase of the Holy Spirit.—As your Grace's displeasure ag^t me, most unjustly conceived, hath been and is to my wretched heart a burthen grievous and almost intolerable, so is the testimony of a clear conscience to me a stay and upholder that in desperation I sink not, wholly vehement that ever the temptations appear. For in God's presence my conscience beareth me record that maliciously nor of purpose I never offended your grace nor your realm. And therefore, howsoever I s^t be judged by man, I am assured to be absolved by Him who only knows the the secrets of the hearts. I cannot deny the writing of a Book ag^t the usurped authority and unjust regiment of women, neither yet am I minded to retreat or to [words eaten off] any principal point or proposition of the same till truth and verity farther appear. But why that either your grace, either yet any such as unfeignedly favor the liberty of Eng., should be offended at the author of such a work, I can perceive no just occasion. For first my book touched not your Grace's person in especial, neither yet was it prejudicial till any liberty of the realm, if the time of my writing be indifferently considered. How could I be enemy to your Grace's person? For deliverance whereof I did more study, and interprised farther than any of those that now accuse me. And as concern^s your regiment how could or can I envy that which most I have trusted, and the w^b (as oblivion will suffer) I render thanks unfeignedly unto God is, that it hath pleased him of his eternal goodness to exalt your head (which times was in danger) to the manifestation of his glory and extirpation of idolatry. And as for any offence w^b I have committed ag^t Eng: either in writing that or any other work, I will not refuse that moderate and indifferent men judge and determine betwixt me and those that accuse me. To wit, whether of the parties do most hurt the liberty of Eng.; I that affirm that no woman may be exalted above any realm to make the liberty of the same thrall to a strange, proud and evil nation, or this [they?] that prove whatsoever pleaseth princes for the time. If I were as well disposed till accuse, as some of them (till their own shame) have declared themselves, I noth-

ing doubt but that in a few words I s^t let reasonable men understand that some that this day lowly 'crouche' to your grace and labor to make me odious in your eyes, did in your adversity neither show themselves forth full friends to your grace, neither yet so loving and careful over their native country as now they w^d be esteemed. But omitting the accusation of others, for my own purgation and for your Grace's satisfaction I say, That nothing in my book contained is, or can be, prejudicial to your Grace's just regiment, provided that ye be not found 'ungrate' unto God. Ungrate ye shall be [proved] in presence of His throne, (howsoever that flatterers justify your fact) if ye transfer the glory of that honor in w^b ye now stand to any other thing than to the dispensation of his mercy w^b only makes that truthful to your Grace w^b nature and law denieth to women. Neither w^d I that y^r grace s^d fear that this your humiliation before God s^d in any case infirm or weaken your just and lawful authority before men. Nay, Madam, such unfeigned confession of God's benefits received s^d be the establishment of the same, not only to your self, but also to your seed and posterity. Where contrariwise, a proud conceit and elevation of yourself sh^d be the occasion that your reign shall be unstable, troublesome and short. God is witness, that unfeignedly I both love and reverence your Grace. Yea, I pray that your reign may be long, prosperous and quiet, and that for the quietness w^b Christ's members before persecuted have rec^d under you. But yet if I should flatter your grace, I were no friend, but a deceivable traitor, and therefore of conscience I am compelled to say, that neither the consent of people, the process of time, nor multitude of men can establish a law w^b God s^d approve, and whatsoever he dameth shall be 'condamned,' though all men in earth w^d hazard the justification of the same. And therefore, Madam, the only way to retain and to keep those benefits of God abundantly poured now of late days upon you, and upon your realm, is unfeignedly to render unto God, to his mercy and undeserved grace, the whole glory of this your exaltation. Forget your birth and all title w^b thereupon doth hinge, and consider deeply how for fear of your title ye did decline from God and bow till idolatry. Let it not appear a small offence in your eyes that ye have declined from Christ Jesus in the day of his battle. Neither yet w^d I that ye s^d esteem that mercy to be vulgar and common w^b ye have rec^d. To wit, that God hath covered your former offence, hath preserved you when ye were most unthankful, and in the end hath exalted and raised you up not only from the dust, but also from the ports of death to rule above his people for the comfort of his Kirk. It appertain-

eth to you, therefore, to ground the justice of your authority, not upon that law which from year to year doth change, but upon the eternal providence of Him who, contrary to nature and without your deserving, hath thus exalted your head. If thus in God's presence ye humble yourself, as in my heart I glory [the] wise God for that rest granted to his afflicted flock within Eng: under you a weak instrument, so will I with tongue and pen justify your authority and regiment as the Holy Ghost hath instituted the same in 'Debora,' that blessed mother in Israel. But if, these premises (as God forbid) neglected, ye ¹ begin to brag of your birth and build your authority upon your own law, flatter you who so list, your felicity ² be short. Interpret my rude words in the best part, as written by him who is no enemy to your grace.

By divers letters I am required to visit your realme, not to seek my self, neither my own ease or commodity, w^h if ye now refuse and deny, I must remit my [word blotted]. Adding this for conclusion, that commonly it is seen that such [as refuse?] the counsell of the faithful (be it never so sharp) are compelled to follow the deceit of flatterers to their own perdition. The mighty spirit of the Lord Jesus move your heart to understand what is said, give unto you the discretion of spirits, and so rule you in all your actions and enterprises that in you God may be glorified, his Church edified, and ye yourself, as a lively member of the same, may be an example and mirror of virtue and of Godly love till others. So be it,—By your Grace's wholly to command in godliness."

I HAD used the edition of De Lery in De Boy's Collection. While I was transcribing this portion of the work for the press, the original French edition was sent me from Norwich, by my old friend Mr. William Taylor. Apprehending that the translation might sometimes be inaccurate, I compared my own narrative with the French, as I proceeded, to see if any thing material had been mistaken, or overlooked; and it surprised me to find that my references to the chapters were frequently wrong. At length I perceived that my numeration was always one behindhand. This could not be accident; and upon collating the works I discovered that De Boy has omitted the whole chapter in which Villegagnon's conduct is exposed: he has omitted the preface also, and many passages in which the errors of Thevet are pointed out, and his falsehoods confuted. This is worthy of notice, not merely as relating to the book in question; but as it may teach others never to rely upon the work of a Protestant, when published by a Catholic editor, let the subject be what it will,—but always to refer, if possible, to the genuine edition.

FOUNDATIONS OUT OF JOINT.—I dreamed I was at church, attending service; the minister was reading the Litany: a sudden noise caught my attention, and looking towards the place from whence it proceeded, I saw a person of bright appearance, who beckoned me with his hand. I followed him: he led me to the back part of the church, and descending down a number of steps into a cellar under the church, it seemed as if the foundations of the church were removed, and the superstructure was now supported upon pil-

lars of wood, which were worm-eaten and rotten. I was much astonished. My guide observing this, said, "You see the situation of this foundation;" and then, pointing to the place by which we entered, said "Escape!" I did so, and suddenly awoke. This, and a thousand circumstances which have since happened, have satisfied me that it is inexpedient for me to attend any place of worship where the Gospel is not preached. But I condemn no man in this matter.—*Experience of Mr. Elliott.*

At Gisborne Park a picture of Cromwell, by Sir Peter Lely. "This," says Dr. Whitaker, "gives a truer, that is, a worse idea, of the man, than any portrait of him which I have seen. It is said to have been taken by his own order, with all the warts and protuberances which disfigured his countenance. On the canvas is painted the word *Now*, which probably alludes to his peremptory mandate for the immediate execution of the King. This was brought from Calton Hall, and seems to have been his own present to Lambert."

MR. JOHN JACKSON, a good old Puritan, and one of the assembly of divines at Westminster, was yet so zealously affected for King Charles I. when he heard of his being brought before a pretended high court of justice, that he prayed earnestly that God would please to prevent that horrid act, which would be a perpetual shame to the nation, and a reproach to the Protestant religion; or at least would be pleased to remove him that he might not see that woeful day. His prayer was heard and answered as to himself—for he was buried the week before.—*Thoresby.*